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Prologue

Don't ask me why the cover is rainbow XD

? POV

I slept at the roots of a tree in a makeshift nest, just outside Clan territory. During the day, I would watch them, but made sure they never knew it. The one called Blossomfall was hiding something. She sent a cat to kill her own brother. I saw enough to know that she was behind the rogue who had performed the task, that she had organized Bumblestar's death. She planned to start her own reign of terror. There was no end to a murderer's crimes. She wouldn't stop until she was dead.

Of course, her death could be arranged. I had personal grievances against the Clans, all of them. I would see that I got my revenge. The Clans were always against me. They were always against all of us. I was doomed to fail, a destiny clearly written in the stars. It was only fate that I would tread this path of isolation, but perhaps that was safer than to live in the midst of all those cats. You can't trust them, with cats like Blossomfall in their Clan.

The Clans had forgotten about me, but I had not forgotten them. I wouldn't have to do anything to destroy them. They could destroy themselves. If I killed a few ShadowClan and WindClan cats, and caused them to suspect ThunderClan, then war would be inevitable and Blossomfall would be doomed.
In the end though, we all would die, Clan cats and rogues alike. I saw that with such understanding that I knew that it would be foolish to fear death. I knew that I myself could die at any time, which meant I had work to do. I had nearly died on multiple occasions already.

I gave myself three days, and then I would start my plan.

Blossomfall POV

I padded down the slope to the Moonpool. Other cats would've been in awe of its beauty as it reflected the stars in its blue depths, but I was not. I had no worries of Bumblestar getting his revenge during the ceremony; there was no way he had gotten into StarClan. But perhaps other StarClan cats would be angry with me. I felt a bit nervous as Jayfeather instructed me to touch my nose to the water. I obeyed.

I blinked open my eyes on the Gathering Island. There were only two cats there. I recognized Bramblestar and Squirrelflight, their tails entwined. They were surrounded by a frosty glow and their eyes reflected white flames.

I stepped forward and dipped my head, trying to act respectful. "Are you here to give me my lives?"

"No." Bramblestar shook his head.

I was confused. "How do I get my lives then?"

Squirrelflight sighed. "I'm sorry, Blossomfall, but we can't give you the nine lives of a leader. I'm not allowed to tell you why."

"Wait what?" I snarled, unsheathing my claws and leaping at the former deputy.

Before I could shred her, I woke again by the Moonpool. *Why didn't I get my lives? Bumblestar is dead! Is it because I killed him? But he got his nine lives!*

I spun to face Jayfeather, meeting his blind blue eyes even though he couldn't see me. "You will not say a word of this to anybody. You will call me Blossomstar."

A/N#2: ? will be important later on. Thanks for reading please comment! Tell me what do you think of the rainbow cover? XD who do you think ? is?

Chapter One: Night and Stream

? POV

I followed Littlecloud, ShadowClan's medicine cat, and his apprentice, Frostpaw, as they padded out of camp to get herbs. They unknowingly led me straight to the place where they collected their catmint and tansy from. After they were gone, I collected all of the herbs that were left and carried them away to a hiding spot, my temporary den.

I had been able to get a piece of Blossomstar's fur and left it on a nearby thorn bush. ShadowClan would not be happy when they discovered that ThunderClan had stolen their precious herbs that they needed to survive leaf-bare.

Blossomstar had returned with nine lives this morning. As I secretly watched, I noticed she was acting more rude and arrogant than ever. Had leadership made her even more of a bossy, overconfident cat or was she hiding something? I suspected the last option and I was determined to find out what it was that she didn't want anyone to know. Well, other than that she sent a rogue to murder her own brother because of her greed and ambition. I knew that wouldn't go over very well with her Clan.

Did Blossomstar have a weakness? If she did, I would find it.

Blossomfall POV

I was determined not to show how confused and frightened I was. A leader with one life! That was horrible!

I set off again late at night and wound up in Night and Stream's barn.

Night looked up as I entered. "Blossomfall. What are you doing here again?"

"It's Blossomstar now." I looked at Stream, ignoring both of their confused expressions when I told them my name had changed. "Is she better?"

Night nodded. "Yes and we have you to thank for that. The herbs cured her overnight."

"Good," I said. "You know I live in a Clan. Would...would you like to come join us?"

Night looked startled. "What?"

I took a deep breath. "We have a medicine cat who heals you when you're ill and we share prey with very cat and take care of each other..."

"We'll come," Night decided.

I was surprised that he had agreed that fast. But I said nothing, just beckoned with my tail for them to follow me. I led them back to camp.

The Clan was out in the clearing as Thornclaw was just assigning cats to patrols. Questioning murmurs broke out as they spotted the rogues.

I climbed up the Highledge, but didn't use the words to summon every cat, as they were already waiting in the clearing, watching the rogues with curious stares. "I found these two rogues on our territory, and they told me they wished to join our Clan. ThunderClan needs strong, new warriors so I've decided to accept them."

Night had potential yet I was still doubtful of Stream. However, I hoped that they would have kits and give us new warriors that way. "Night, from this moment on you will be known as Nightpaw. Ivypool will be your mentor. Stream, from this moment on you will be known as Streampaw. Molewhisker will be your mentor."

I dismissed the meeting. I thought I saw a few bushes rustle just outside of camp and a pair of eyes watching me from the shadows. I shook my head and they were gone. I must've imagined it.

A/N: Haha why do you think Night agreed to join so quickly?

Chapter Two: Choose Wisely

? POV

Flashback

The black-furred tom raced out of camp. I followed him as he found Blossomfall, who was stalking a mouse. I resisted the urge to attack her now, knowing I couldn't beat her and Night. I discovered why Night had done it. Blossomfall gave him catmint and tansy. I assumed either he was ill or someone he knew was ill.

As he had almost reached the WindClan border, I tackled him to the ground and planted a paw on his chest.

His eyes shone with fear. "You."

"Yes, me," I snarled.

Night struggled beneath my grasp. "I thought you..."

"It doesn't matter," I snapped. "You owe me a favor."

Night gulped nervously. "No."

I shook my head incredulously. "No? Well then why should I let you live?"

"You shouldn't," Night mumbled. "Go ahead. Kill me."

I unsheathed my claws and set them right against his throat. "Well then, I suppose your mate won't get the herbs, will she?"

I could tell from his eyes that I had guessed the right reason why he needed the catmint and tansy.

"I know where she lives," I lied with a purr.

Night thrashed about and tried to throw me off. "No, please! Just

kill me instead!"

I rolled my eyes. "But that wouldn't hurt you as much, would it?"

"Okay!" he groaned miserably. "I will do it! I will do whatever you want! Just leave Stream alone!"

I didn't release him, not trusting that he wouldn't run off. "You have two days to figure out a way to join ThunderClan. After a half-moon of training, you will kill Blossomfall."

Night sighed. "What if I don't?"

"Well then, you can say good-bye to Stream." I took my paw off his chest and let him rise to his feet. "Choose wisely."

Blossomfall POV

Nightpaw was a very efficient hunter, it turned out. I watched his mentor test him, to see if he could hunt, and he brought back loads of prey. He didn't know how to catch birds though, so Ivypool had to teach him. I didn't bother to watch Streampaw's training. I was certain she would be as useless as Daisy had been, only good for bringing new life into the Clan.

I wasn't expecting Blackstar to storm into our camp that afternoon with a patrol of warriors. They seemed quite hostile, glaring at all of us.

"Well," I muttered to Thornclaw, who had been talking to me about activity along the WindClan border. "They look friendly."

Blackstar unsheathed his claws as I calmly padded over to him. "You mangy fox-hearts!"

"It's nice to see you too," I purred.

Blackstar bared his teeth. "How dare you?"

I glowered at him. "How dare *you*? You have nerve if you think you can march right into my camp and then act like this!"

"I have every right to come here. Give them back now or you can have a war. You stole ShadowClan's supplies!" Blackstar growled.

I laughed bitterly. "We stole nothing you delusional mouse-brain."

"We have proof. We know you stole the herbs Blossomfall," Blackstar hissed.

I unsheathed my claws. "My name is Blossomstar."

Blackstar lashed his tail impatiently. "You will never be a leader in my eyes."

I tensed my muscles, sensing that battle was moments away. "Oh you're a leader in my eyes. But Brokenstar was a leader too."

As his neck fur bristled, I leapt at him, crashing into his side, and the clearing descended into pure chaos.

A/N: DUN DUN DUN! Cliffhanger! XD Please comment thanks again for reading and being awesome!

Chapter Three: A Falling Branch

? POV

Littlecloud had returned to collect more catmint...only to find that it all had vanished. Coincidentally, a tuft of tortoiseshell fur was found on a nearby thorn bush. He hurried back to camp and reported this news to his Clan. Furious, Blackstar formed two battle patrols and immediately started off towards ThunderClan. ShadowClan was determined to make Blossomstar pay. I was determined to make both of them suffer, the two Clans I despised the most.

I watched as Blackstar led a patrol of warriors into the ThunderClan camp. He left the other patrol waiting beneath the Sky Oak.

I scrambled up the trunk of the ancient tree, climbing higher and higher until I feared that I would fall. I glanced down at the ground and my stomach lurched. The ShadowClan warriors were dots of color with a soft green background beneath them. I looked upwards and closed my eyes. Then, I climbed up just a little higher to where a large branch had nearly snapped off on its own, likely during a storm. I tensed my muscles and jumped forcefully, pushing all my weight onto the branch. There was a deafening crack and I leapt downwards, sinking my claws into a branch further down. It shook as I landed, but it held me. The ShadowClan warriors yowled with alarm and looked up, but their tiny brains never thought to move out of the way. Typical ShadowClan. They were always the dumbest Clan, even worse than the pitiful ThunderClan fools.

The branch plummeted down towards the cats. I heard a few yowls of pain, and then there was silence. Even the birds had stopped chirping and the wind had chosen to stop blowing the leaves on the trees. I was unsure whether it had killed any of them or if they were just unconscious.

"Well," I muttered to myself. "Blackstar made it way too easy for me to take out his second battle patrol. Let the real fun begin."

I carefully maneuvered my way downwards, leaping to the ground. I trembled for a few moments. I tried not to show it, but I had never liked trees.

I slunk to the camp entrance and arrived just in time to see Blossomstar leap at Blackstar.

"And what is *StarClan* going to do about this?" I sneered.

Blossomfall POV

My cats charged towards the ShadowClan patrol. Snarling furiously, warriors hurled themselves at each other. It looked as if we outnumbered them, so I remained unconcerned.

Blackstar hit the ground after I crashed into him and I was about to plant a paw on his chest, but he heaved himself upward and threw me off. I instantly scrambled to my feet and braced myself for his attack.

Blackstar glared at me. "SHADOWCLAN, ATTACK!"

I assumed he had another patrol waiting nearby. Blackstar had this look on his face, as if he'd already won, and his eyes were focused on the camp entrance. I turned my head and looked, watching to see when the warriors burst into camp.

Nothing happened. The look on his face was priceless. Confusion was written in his gaze. "Attack?" he said, more uncertainly this time.

Shooting one last look of loathing at me, he whipped around and raced through the thorn tunnel. The ShadowClan cats followed his example, fleeing out into the forest.

What just happened?

A/N: Haha, Blackstar's reaction... XD

Chapter Four: Drowning

? POV
I set out for WindClan after sunset, relying on the night to keep me hidden.
I crept through ThunderClan territory, hiding in the shadows. I kept low to the ground, and finally reached the border stream. Blue-gray water rushed by me. I hesitated, then backed up, sprinting towards the water. I pushed downwards with as much force as possible, then found myself soaring through the air. I was only ascending for a heartbeat, before I began my descent. I waited for my paws to touch land. Then I was thrown downward into the water, a few tail-lengths short of the shore.

The cold shocked me as it gripped me with its icy claws, chilling me to the bone.I blinked a few times, my eyes burning from the water. I felt a bit dizzy and light-headed; I hadn't even had time to take a deep breath. The freezing water was numbing, urging me to give in to the stream. I shook my head and then moved my paws. My lungs were on fire and all my instincts screamed for me to suck in water. I felt as if I was going to explode. The world spun and a haze of blackness formed at the edge of my vision, then began growing and moving towards the center. Desperate for air and unable to hold my breath any longer, I opened my mouth, only to find it filled with sour water. Then, I broke the surface, coughing and spluttering. I spit out the water I had nearly swallowed. The current was carrying me downstream, towards the lake. I kicked wildly with my paws in a weak attempt to stay afloat and lifted my head so that my nose stayed above the water. Something hit my neck and pushed me under. I pushed my way upwards again. The frigid water might've been dangerous, but I wasn't sure. I was frightened that I couldn't feel my legs anymore and that my whole body was shaking uncontrollably.

Feeling returned to my legs shortly after though, for some reason, when I felt a dull ache at the top of my right foreleg. They began to feel heavy, as if they were made of stone. I didn't have the strength

to move them. I began moving slower, barely paddling enough to stay above the water. My neck hurt too from straining to keep my nose up. I let it drop down a little. I allowed the current to carry me.

I could've sworn somebody was ripping my legs off. The current pulled me off to one side, where an overhanging branch of a tree slapped my head. There was a pain just above my eye, and I saw the drops of blood.

I used my final bit of strength, and kicked out strongly towards the shore, ignoring the pain that seared up my legs and my flanks. The shore was right there, and I knew I could do it. I reached up with a trembling forepaw and sank grateful claws into the ground. I pulled the other forepaw onto land as well. I felt as if my muscles were turning to liquid fire as I tried to haul myself up. My belly was lifted from the water and I pulled my hindlegs up. My forepaws shook even more from the effort and I could feel my grip loosening. Closing my eyes and clenching my teeth, I somehow got my hindlegs out of the water. I tried to pull them towards me.

I couldn't hold on another heartbeat. I lost my grip and my hindlegs dropped back into the water. As they were dragged away by the current, the stream pulled me back in. I was hardly able to take a deep breath before I tumbled back into the water. I had lost the fight and the stream had claimed me now.
I couldn't move my legs at all. There was no way I could swim back up to the surface. I closed my eyes and surrendered. I would hold my breath until I passed out.

Next thing I knew, I was deposited onto the lakeshore. I lay there, lifeless, like a dead body on the ground.

Blossomfall POV
Foxleap padded up to me. Rumor had it that he had a crush on me. I suppose there could be worse toms. He always brought me fresh-kill and comforted me when I was upset. He listened to me and he seemed like he cared. Besides, he was somewhat handsome and looked very regal. His eyes were warm, like the sun.

He offered to go hunting, and I accepted. I padded out into the

forest and spotted a squirrel nibbling on a nut by the Sky Oak. I inched closer, then pounced, biting it on the neck.

Foxleap trotted over. "Nice catch!"

I dropped it at his paws. "Thanks."

"Um, Blossomstar..." He shifted awkwardly on his paws. "I have something to ask you."

I nodded. "Okay?"

He looked me in the eyes. "Will you be my mate?"

"Um..." Now it was my turn to act awkward, and then I surprised even myself with what I said next. "Okay."

His eyes lit up and he purred loudly, rubbing his muzzle against my cheek. I felt this strange tingling sensation and my heart beat just a little quicker.

A/N: I'm so sorry that I haven't updated, I've been busy with school stuff and life stuff I'm already going back to school. I don't have time to edit this I will edit it later and take this part of the note out but for the people who are reading this now I'm sorry for any mistakes but I really wanted to get this posted. Thanks for reading and my apologies once again!

Chapter Five: Love

? POV

I was chilled to the bone and laid in the sun, wondering how I was alive. My muscles ached and my mind was clouded with fatigue. I feared that ThunderClan would find me, so with a loud groan of protest, I hauled myself to my feet on wobbly legs that felt as if they were made of water and would melt into a puddle on the ground. There was no way these legs could hold my weight.

My muscles shrieked in protest as I lifted a foreleg, and I gasped as a pain, hot as fire, shot up from my leg to my skull. I staggered a few more steps forward, nosed my way into what appeared to be an abandoned fox den, and promptly collapsed on the ground.

Soaked, shivering, and alone, I gave in to my overwhelming desire to rest.

Blossomfall POV

The nights grew colder as leaf-bare rapidly approached. It felt good to have Foxleap's warm body pressed against mine and to stay awake watching the gentle rise and fall of his chest.

He was so kind and gentle. I was fortunate to have such a loving tom as my mate. He always thought of me first, and he cared about even my most trivial problems. He listened, he truly listened, to every word I spoke. His body was still pressed against mine and as I continued to watch him breathing, my heart fluttered. Warmth filled every part of my body, and no cold could touch me.

Foxleap writhed in his sleep and inched even closer to me. I could feel his whiskers brushing my face and his nose grazed mine. He was muttering in his sleep, and I thought I heard him say, "Cherrystripe...Cherrystripe, no!"

Poor Foxleap was probably having a nightmare of a battle, where

his Clanmates were dying around him. I'd had those before.

I closed my eyes and listened to his soft, almost inaudible breaths. I wasn't worried about nightmares tonight. I would dream, as I had for the past five nights, of chasing after Foxleap through the woods and us both laughing as I tackled him when I finally caught up to him.

The last thing I saw before I drifted off was a mental image of those warm eyes in my head. "I love you."

When I woke up in the morning, Foxleap was gone, and my heart sank. It would've been nice to wake up to those gorgeous eyes looking into my own and a warm body wrapped around me. I shook my head in an attempt to remove these thoughts. I padded out into the clearing and was greeted by Molewhisker. "Blossomstar, I'm here to report on the progress of our two apprentices."

I sighed, knowing his apprentice, Streampaw, would certainly be struggling. "Okay, go on."

"Nightpaw is the better hunter, but Streampaw is a better fighter," he meowed.

I blinked in surprise. "What? Streampaw?"

Molewhisker nodded. "She may be small in size but she's smart. Often, wisdom counts for more in a battle than size."

"I'll have to see it to believe it." I shook my head, unable to envision Streampaw, of all cats, being a good fighter.

"Okay, we're practicing hunting today but why don't you come watch us train tomorrow?" Molewhisker asked.

"Alright," I meowed, padding off, over to the fresh-kill pile.

I felt warm breath on my ear and spun around to see Foxleap, with a plump squirrel at his feet. "I saved the best piece for you."

I purred. "Thanks, Foxleap. Share it with me?"

He pressed his muzzle to my cheek. "Always."

A/N: Mostly Blossom POV this time hope you enjoyed! :D
Please comment your thoughts on Foxblossom/ Blossomleap!

Chapter Six: Rejection

? POV

When I woke, my legs felt sore. I groaned, feeling slightly more rested, and hauled myself to my feet. Dried blood stained my left hindleg. Upon closer inspection I saw a gash on the leg, a jagged wound that revealed pale pink skin. I hadn't even noticed it earlier.

I washed my paws in the lake, groomed my matted fur, and tried to ignore my growling stomach. I estimated that I had been unconscious for about three days by the hunger I felt gnawing at my stomach. That explained why I felt light-headed and weaker than usual.

I traveled through ThunderClan territory. While I passed the abandoned Twoleg nest where Jayfeather collected his herbs, I heard thundering footsteps rapidly approaching. I dove into a nearby bush just as Molewhisker appeared, leading a patrol which consisted of his sister Cherrystripe and Whitewing.

Whitewing sniffed the air. "I smell a cat. It was here very recently; the scent is fresh."

Molewhisker waved his tail dismissively. "Just another rogue passing through. It's gone now. It's nothing to worry about. Let's just move on."

Mouse-brains. I clamped my teeth down on a branch to stifle my laughter. I felt something tickle my nose. It seemed a leaf had brushed it. I felt a small itch inside my nostrils, and I shook my head to try and solve the problem. It only grew worse. I involuntarily sucked in a deep breath and then sneezed loudly.

Molewhisker, who was padding off, paused and spun around. "Did you hear that?"

They walked back towards me. I wriggled my way out of the bush

on the other side, and the patrol noticed the rustling of the branches. "That way!"

With the patrol chasing after me, likely tracking me by my scent, I had no choice but to run despite my aching legs. I reached the border quickly, and fortunately they didn't follow me past the scent line. I was grateful to arrive at my den unscathed.

The rest of the day was uneventful. I slept peacefully beneath a moon that was nearly full.

I woke to a violent coughing fit passing through my body.

The warning signs of a cold. Just perfect. It would take at least a moon before I would be able to attack Blossomstar now. Two moons if I planned on waiting until I had fully regained my strength.

But I would come. Blossomstar should watch her back carefully. She never knows when I might strike.

Blossomfall POV

Dreams- Flashback

Briarpaw and I had just gotten into a dispute. Her words rang in my ears.

Nobody will ever like a she-cat like you. You're ugly.

I laid my head on my paws and sighed miserably. Foxleap came and sat by me. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I snapped.

He tried to meet my eyes but I looked away, intentionally avoiding his gaze. "It's clearly not 'nothing.' You wouldn't be moping around the camp if..."

"JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!"

He flinched as if I had raked my claws across his face and moved

away from me, but was still close enough to make me uncomfortable.

I closed my eyes and allowed my thoughts to race around my head. All I could see was Briarpaw's expression of utter contempt and all I could hear was her sneering voice echoing through my mind. "She's right," I muttered to myself. "Nobody will ever think I'm pretty."

I hadn't meant for Foxleap to overhear, but apparently he had. "I-I do."

I rolled my eyes. "You're just saying that."

Foxleap shook his head. "N-no. I-I think you have gorgeous eyes. I like you a lot, Blossompaw. Can we get to know each other better? Can you please stop pushing everybody away, and let me be your friend?"

I surprised both of us, I think, when I burst out laughing. "I don't have time for foolish toms. Why don't you find someone your own age to moon over?"

"Please," he begged me, his eyes sending me a silent plea as well.

"No, Foxleap. I have my eyes on someone." I didn't, but what he didn't know didn't hurt him. "And it certainly isn't you!"

Hurt shone in his gaze. "I thought you were better than this. I never thought you would be so cruel and heartless and..."

I chuckled. "Well, I am. So deal with it. I'm sure there's a she-cat in this Clan who is mouse-brained enough to put up with you."

His eyes hardened, and the pain transformed into anger. "There is. I should've known that any other cat would be a better choice then you. You're pathetic."

I woke up with a jolt. I had forgotten about that. I regretted what I said to him back then. And if I could take it back...I would.

"I'm pathetic," I whispered to myself, echoing Foxleap's words of wisdom from long ago.

A/N: Sorry for the long wait, I've been very busy with school. Hope you enjoy, please comment! If I get 10 comments tonight I will update tomorrow to make up for the wait! Thanks for your patience hope you enjoyed! :D
Just to clarify the flashback is from when she's an apprentice not recently.

Chapter Seven: Overweight

? POV
Almost a half-moon had passed since I returned to my den after nearly drowning. I had stolen catmint and tansy from ThunderClan's abandoned Twoleg nest, where Jayfeather got his herbs from. The blind fool would never be able to tell any of them were missing. After all, he couldn't even see! They made him a medicine cat because he was so useless that they had nothing better to do with him. Jayfeather was worthless if you asked me, but I didn't want to waste the time, thought, or energy it would take to take him out. And to think that they gave him fresh-kill. What a waste of perfectly good prey. Then again, I didn't mind if their prey was wasted. I didn't mind at all.

I wondered if Molewhisker had reported his encounter with me. At least they didn't recognize my scent and they hadn't seen me. When they discovered my identity, I wanted it to be a surprise.

Blossomfall POV

My stomach growled as I walked over to the fresh-kill pile and selected a plump squirrel. I was halfway through eating it when Foxleap padded over.
Foxleap chuckled. "Didn't you just eat?"

I felt slightly guilty. I had eaten when I got up about halfway between sunrise and sunhigh, and just a little before sunhigh now, I was already eating again. But I had been so hungry.

Foxleap sighed. "No wonder you're getting so plump. I swear, you've been eating more than Graystripe!"

"Hey!" Graystripe protested indignantly, from where he was basking in the sun nearby.

I forced a purr. "Not possible. Graystripe eats a whole pile of prey each time."

"I'm not kidding, Blossomstar. You haven't done anything outside of camp in days!" Foxleap growled. "And then you eat at least five pieces of prey each day! Probably more."

I felt slightly hurt. "I've been tired! All I want to do is sleep!"

Then I thought about it. My belly did feel really heavy and large. Was I eating too much?

"Why don't you walk to the WindClan border or the lakeshore and look at your reflection? I swear by StarClan, you look as fat as a mouse-brained kittypet!" Foxleap stormed off.

I decided to take his advice and I ignored the fact that my eyelids wanted to shut. I rose to my paws, noticing the weight of my belly with each step. I padded out of camp.

I was already breathing heavily by the time I reached the Sky Oak, which was just outside of camp, but I forced myself to keep walking. I didn't want to admit that Foxleap was right, and that I was fat because I was eating too much, but I seemed like this was proving his point.

I sat down tiredly on the ground. After I caught my breath, instead of trying to make it down to the lakeshore, I turned around and padded back into camp.
My stomach growled again and I felt pangs of hunger inside of me. I eyed the fresh-kill pile, wanting so badly to take just one little mouse. After all, a snack wouldn't hurt, right? I settled down in my den, exhausted from my short walk. I tried to sleep, but the hunger gnawing at my stomach kept me awake. I finally gave in to temptation, grabbed a small mouse from the pile, and hurried back to my den. I swallowed each bite with guilt welling up inside of me.

A/N: Oh dang, what's wrong with Blossom? XD

Chapter Eight: His Reaction

? POV

The more I was forced to stay inactive as I recovered from the cold, the more I was determined to have Blossomstar dead. I developed so many plans, all of which ended one way; with Blossomstar's body unmoving with all cats laughing at her corpse.

Nightpaw came and found me one night. I was unsure of how he knew where my den was, but he pleaded with me to give him an extra moon, since it had been a half-moon quite a while ago. I was seething inwardly, but I agreed to give him only another half-moon, not another moon. I gave him a lengthy lecture on how if he had expected an extension to the deadline, he should've come to see me before the deadline expired. I made sure to emphasize the point that I would kill his mate, or, if I was feeling generous, I would simply dispose of him.

I recovered quickly from the cold using the tansy I had stolen from ShadowClan. Stealing those herbs had proven to be a wise decision; I was able to use them for my own benefit.
I knew patience was the key to the success of my plan, but I was tired of waiting. I was eager to strike, anticipating the delight I would feel when my claws were stained with her blood.

Blossomfall POV

One day after Foxleap had told me that I was overweight, I was going to summon the Clan for a Clan meeting for Streampaw and Nightpaw's naming ceremony. I prepared to scale the Highledge. I leapt up top and did manage to balance unsteadily for a few heartbeats, before I fell off and hit the ground, hard. The breath was knocked out of me and a pain shot up my side.

Foxleap, thankfully, seemed to be the only one who had seen it. He

rolled his eyes and gave me a disapproving look. "Why don't you go see Jayfeather, so that he can tell you to stop eating a whole forest worth of prey each day, since you won't listen to me?"

I sighed miserably and walked towards the medicine cat den, knowing that was the only thing that would make him leave me alone. Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain in my stomach and I gasped in pain, staggering forward the final few steps into Jayfeather's den.

Jayfeather was sorting herbs in the back of the cave. "Hello, Blossomfa..."

I coughed pointedly.

"I mean Blossomstar," he hurriedly corrected himself. "How may I help you?"

I shifted awkwardly on my paws, feeling embarrassed. "Well...Foxleap, um, Foxleap says I'm eating too much."

Jayfeather padded over. I felt odd as he told me to sit down and he poked my bulging stomach with his forepaw.

"Are you tired a lot?" he asked and I nodded. "And you're always hungry?"

I felt my stomach growl and I was almost certain that I hadn't eaten in days, even though I had just devoured a plump squirrel right before I was about to initiate the Clan meeting. "Why?"

Jayfeather calmly returned to sorting herbs. "You're not overweight, you're just pregnant."

My world spun and I nearly choked. "WAIT WHAT?!"

"I said, you're pregnant, and you're going to have kits in about a moon." Jayfeather carefully moved some shriveled blue berries into a pile on his right.

I did NOT want to sit in the nursery doing nothing for a moon. I didn't want to be constantly tired and hungry. I didn't want to suffer through the agony I had heard a cat felt while giving birth to the

pests. I really didn't want to put up with the annoying little rascals once they were born. Kits were nothing but a nuisance.

"But what if I don't want to have kits?" I whined.

Jayfeather laughed bitterly. "Too bad. It's your own fault."

My head hung low, I padded slowly out of then, sulking.

"I would suggest you move into the nursery now!" Jayfeather called.

I then thought of Foxleap being a father and playing with his kits. I felt excitement stirring in my chest. Perhaps having kits wouldn't be such an awful thing.

Foxleap hurried over. "Well, what did he say? I told you to stop eating so much food! Perhaps hearing it from a medicine cat might finally get it through your head."

I met his eyes, wondering how he would react. I was sure that he would be delighted. My heart fluttered. I purred loudly and rubbed my muzzle against his chest.

"Don't try to avoid the topic, Blossomstar. What did he say?" Foxleap asked again, more impatiently this time.

I pulled away. "I'm expecting kits, Foxleap."

"Oh..." He didn't look happy at all. He looked almost afraid...afraid? He wore the look of a kit stuck in the middle of a Thunderpath with a monster racing towards it. He shook his head and then stared in the ground. His expression morphed into one of horror.

"What's wrong?" I demanded. "I thought you would be happy!"

"I have to go." He dashed away from me and out of the camp entrance as if all of ShadowClan was on his heels.

I stood there, dumbfounded, trying to understand his reaction.

A/N: I know there hasn't been any killing yet like there was in the last book but remember in book one the murders didn't

start until like chapter 12. Expect the real action to start around chapter 10 or 11 ;) Why do you guys think he reacted the way he did?
Sorry that it takes longer for me to update now, I've been back to school for a few weeks I will probably update around once or twice a week I think.

Chapter Nine: The Truth

A/N: Sorry if this confuses you, but I'm putting Blossomfall POV first. Hope you enjoy, please comment, I only didn't reply to comments last chapter because I didn't want to spoil things either way.

Blossomfall POV

Foxleap had apologized to me, and just said that he wasn't ready for kits. However, I felt like there was something insincere about his apology. It didn't seem heartfelt. I was probably just delusional, though.

Streampaw became Streamheart and Nightpaw, who had to come to me and asked to be named after his mate, was now known as Nightstream. I hadn't told the Clan that I was having kits yet because I had chosen to ignore Jayfeather's advice and wait a little longer before moving into the nursery.

Foxleap was sharing a thrush with me at sundown, but he seemed distracted. He only took about two small bites from the fresh-kill before leaving, saying that he felt like hunting. Out of curiosity, I chose to follow him. I just wanted to know where he liked to hunt.

I dragged myself up the slope, panting heavily, trying to track him by his scent. My legs burned with each step. Perhaps following him hadn't been such a great idea. I was about to give up when his scent grew stronger. He was hunting in the training hollow?!

I stumbled forward a few more steps and crouched behind a bush. I sniffed the air and detected my mate's scent mingled with another cats'. I peered through the leaves and saw a ginger shape close to him. Why was Foxleap hunting with Cherrystripe? Had Thornclaw put him on a hunting patrol with her? Why would Thornclaw assign a hunting patrol at night?

I strained my ears to hear their almost inaudible voices.

"I thought you loved Blossomstar," Cherrystripe was saying.

Foxleap snorted and shook his head. "Of course not! Who would like that arrogant and short-tempered she-cat? I was just using her to make you jealous. Because Cherrystripe, I want you. I only love you please believe me. Will you please be my mate?"

I gasped, and felt a pain shoot through my heart, as if it had been stabbed by a thorn. This had to be just a nightmare.

Cherrystripe purred and rubbed her muzzle against his cheek. "Yes, Foxleap. I love you too."

I stalked out of the bushes. "What is going on here?!"

Foxleap's eyes widened and he stumbled away from Cherrystripe. "What are you doing here?"

"I should exile you, you mangy fox-heart! You said you loved me!" I snarled.

Foxleap chuckled. "I used to, but after you were so cruel and heartless the one day when I confessed my feelings when you were an apprentice, I realized Cherrystripe was a much more sensible choice. And what reason do you have to exile me? Have I broken the code? I'm pretty sure the code doesn't say it's illegal to not love a heartless monster."

I felt my heart shatter. "We are over, Foxleap."

"That implies that we ever were anything!" Foxleap sneered. "Revenge is a delicious piece of prey, isn't it?"

I stormed off and made an attempt to look angry, but inside, I was drowning in a pool of misery.

? POV

A HALF-MOON LATER

A vicious thunderstorm raged above ShadowClan territory. An orange glow from above the trees told me that a bolt of lightning

had started a fire near their camp. Perfect.

I saw Blackstar, urging the queens to get the kits to safety as quickly as possible, and checking the camp to make sure every cat had escaped. He then raced out of camp, and headed down the path to the lakeshore. There was a deafening snap, and then a large oak toppled to the ground, blocking the way. Now he had no choice but to go down the path led towards ThunderClan territory. Hungry flames were close behind him, and he spun around to find me waiting for him, the only obstacle in his way.

He blinked in surprise. "Is that really you? There's no way! But...but I heard that you..."

"Yes. I've returned," I replied calmly.

"What are you doing here? And why are you in my way?" he demanded.

I sat down and unsheathed my claws. "Disposing of an old fool. Doing the Clans a favor."

He chuckled nervously. "You would risk your life and venture into burning woods to try to kill me?"

"The difference between us is that I don't fear fire. You clearly do." I stared at the flames, which would engulf the ShadowClan leader in a few heartbeats.

Blackstar met my eyes. "What did I ever do to you?"

"Plenty of things," I muttered.

Another tree crashed down to the ground, somehow landing right in between the two of us and separating us. Blackstar made a desperate leap and sank his claws into the top of the tree, but couldn't pull himself up. There was a lone branch on my side that I used to climb up to the top of the trunk. I looked down at him with cold, indifferent eyes. Even I could feel the heat; the flames were mere tail-lengths behind him.

"Please help me," he begged.

I sighed. "Fine."

I reached down and grabbed his scruff, as if I was going to pull him up. Instead, I pushed him off, causing him to lose his grip, and he fell into the flames, screaming as the fire seared his flanks. "Go ahead. Let *StarClan* save you now."

I turned around and vanished into the darkness, leaving the clouds of smoke and the danger behind me.

Chapter Ten: Hunting

? POV

I found Nightstream hunting along the ShadowClan border one morning, when a heavy rain was pouring down from the sky, erasing every scent with the drops of water cascading from the dark gray, almost-black clouds. Rain was my friend that day; Nightstream wouldn't be able to detect my scent until it was much too late.

I had given him much more time than he deserved, and he had still made no attempt to kill Blossomstar. His mate was expecting his kits; I knew it would hurt him to know that his kits would grow up without a father.

Nightstream crept forward, inching closer to a squirrel. He tensed his muscles and prepared to leap, but as he momentarily lost his balance for some unknown reason, his paws rustled the leaves on the forest floor. The squirrel, alerted to its predator, scampered off, towards the oak with rotting gray bark that I was behind, analyzing the scene and poised to attack, ready to strike whenever my prey approached. And however plump that squirrel was, I knew that wasn't the juiciest prey. In this forest, the hunters were now the hunted and if they didn't watch their backs, then they would be slaughtered like an unsuspecting mouse, prey for a much larger creature.

I chuckled softly. "Flee, ThunderClan, flee! Because I am coming for you. And if you don't run fast enough, you will find my claws at your throat."

Nightstream hurtled after the squirrel, with claws unsheathed and legs outstretched. The squirrel climbed up the tree I was hiding behind and vanished into the safety of the leaves above.

Nightstream skidded to a halt at the base of the tree, snarling with frustration and staring up at the branches above. He yelped in

surprise as I tackled him from behind and pinned him to the ground.

"Hello, Nightstream," I purred. "And so we meet again."

His bright green eyes stretched wide with terror. "W-what are you doing here?"

"I'm here because we had a deal. I spared your life once, but you've broken your promise. So you've given me no choice," I said.

"I will do it! Please, just one more quarter-moon, I swear on my life, I will! Please! I'm sorry!" he wailed.

I looked right into his eyes, which pleaded with me to let him go. "Oh, but it's much too late for that, Nightstream."

I studied my claws for a moment, and then sliced them across his throat. Blood welled out of the gash on his throat, soaking my paws and forming a pool of blood on the ground. His body shuddered as he gasped, trying to suck in one last breath, and then his body fell still. His bright green eyes were still open, but had a faraway look in them. I watched as they clouded over. A chill crept down my spine as I saw the emptiness in his gaze and felt his body grow cold. Then, I felt a strange sensation of pleasure. *Oh how I missed this...*

Blossomfall POV

Nightstream's body had been found with a gash in his throat a quarter moon ago. His mysterious death had stunned the Clan, and none of us were sure what reason any cat would have to murder him. Despite his former status as a rogue, Nightstream had quickly gained popularity, as had Streamheart. We all knew though, that his killer was still out there, a threat to the lives of all of us. I ordered that no cat could leave the camp without at least one other cat with them. I was tempted to add that Cherrystripe and Foxleap were exempt from that order and were encouraged to leave camp by themselves, but I knew that I couldn't do that, no matter how much I wanted to.

Streamheart was stricken with grief when she found out her mate

had been killed. She had moved into the nursery with me two days before Nightstream's death, and told me that she felt sorry for her kits because she didn't want them to grow up without a father.

I understood why she wanted her kits to have a father. I wondered what I would tell my kits about their father, how I could explain what Foxleap had done, and if Foxleap would come to see his kits at all.

I had just had two gorgeous kits, both of whom had black fur. I did not yet know their eye color, since they hadn't opened them yet, but I assumed both were identical to each other. I wondered how I would be able to tell them apart if they had the same eyes, but I had chosen names for them. Nightkit, after the deceased warrior, and Shadekit were names which I thought were very suiting due to their fur color.

I would not tell them about their father yet. I would just try to be the best mother I could be to make up for Foxleap's absence in their lives.

A/N: Who's excited now that the real action is picking up? :D I hope you guys enjoyed!

Chapter Eleven: Invaded by the Dark Forest

Blossomstar will not have a POV this chapter because she cannot go to the Gathering. Thornclaw will be replacing her temporarily at the Gathering, therefore, we will have his POV followed by ?'s POV

Thornclaw POV

I was one of the oldest cats in the Clans, a senior warrior. I had done many things in my lifetime, but there was nothing quite like the incredible view from the Great Oak.

The other leaders already knew that Blossomstar was going to have kits, so they didn't ask why she wasn't there. I nodded briefly to Mistystar, ignored Onestar, and then blinked in surprise when I saw Rowanclaw leaping up onto the branch to join us.

"Sorry we're late," he panted. "We were looking for Mudkit; he thought it was a good idea to sneak out of camp and go 'hunting.'"

We all understood mischievous kits and would usually have chuckled in amusement, but right now, we were more concerned by the fact that Rowanclaw had showed up tonight instead of Blackstar. Was Blackstar dead? Every cat had known that Blackstar was old and weakening, but nobody had expected him to die this quickly.

I spoke up on behalf of the other leaders and myself. "What happened to Blackstar?"

Hostility briefly flickered in Rowanclaw's eyes. "You'll find out during the Gathering."

"Is he dead?" I asked.

Rowanclaw unsheathed his claws. "Yes, he is. Any more questions, you nosy deputy whose brain is stuffed with thistledown?"

I glared at him, furious. There had been no reason for him to insult me!
"There was no need for that reaction, Rowanstar," Mistystar said softly. "Thornclaw was just asking a question."

"Enough socializing why don't we start this meeting before you flea-ridden fox-hearts ask any more questions that are ShadowClan's business and ShadowClan's business alone," Rowanstar snarled.

I unsheathed my claws, and could barely restrain myself from swiping them across the ShadowClan leader's ear.

Onestar rose to his paws and called for the meeting to commence. "Rowanstar, would you like to speak first?"

Rowanstar hesitated, then gave a curt nod. "Fine. A fire started in ShadowClan territory. Blackstar returned to our camp to make sure every cat had escaped. It was taking longer than I expected for him to join us, so I took Olivenose with me and went back to investigate. I saw Blackstar trapped behind a fallen tree and a cat standing on top of the tree that I wasn't able to quite determine the fur color of. This cat acted like he or she was going to help Blackstar, but then pushed him off into the fire, which was a few tail-lengths behind him. So this cat murdered Blackstar and then padded off as if it was nothing! I believe it was a cat from one of the three other Clans seated here in front of me!"

Yowls of protest came from the assembled cats, except for ShadowClan.

Mistystar cleared her throat and the noise from the crowd died down. "Rowanstar, have you even stopped to consider it might have been a cat from your own Clan?"

"You shut up!" Rowanstar screeched. "My cats are loyal, unlike yours!"

Mistystar's eyes blazed with fury. "Your cats really showed how

loyal they were during the Great Battle. Might you remember a cat by the name of Redwillow?"

ShadowClan cats leapt to their paws, spitting angry words back at the RiverClan leader.

"Excuse me, if I may interrupt, it might just be a rogue and not a Clan cat at all," Onestar pointed out.

Rowanstar narrowed his eyes. "Funny how quick WindClan and ThunderClan are to use that explanation for everything that goes wrong around the lake."

Yowls of outrage came from the ThunderClan and WindClan cats. ShadowClan cats voiced their support for their leader and I sensed battle was inevitable and was only a few heartbeats away.

"ThunderClan hasn't said a word, you brainless coward who makes accusations that you have no evidence to support!" I snarled.

Rowanstar bristled and tensed his muscles, unsheathing his claws. Down in the clearing, I saw that a few minor skirmishes had already broken out. The deputies were all on their feet surrounding Tawnypelt, the new ShadowClan deputy. Cloudtail, who was acting as deputy tonight because I was in Blossomstar's place, hissed something at Tawnypelt, who bared her teeth and snarled in response.

The clearing was momentarily plunged into darkness as a cloud passed over the moon. The angry mood melted into a fearful one and the cats all sheathed their claws, backing away from one another. The medicine cats stood and Littlecloud shrieked, "Stop at once! We have displeased StarClan!"

Onestar leapt to the ground and signaled with his tail for his cats to leave. "This meeting is dismissed, by the will of StarClan!"

? POV

Blossomstar's kits slept soundly, as did Blossomstar herself, on the night of the full moon. The kits had only been born four days ago. That was a long enough life for them. Perhaps I could teach

Blossomstar a thing or two about true depression, not "heartbreak," which she assumed was the same thing. Heartbreak was a small scar that faded over time, while depression was a wound that never closed, and blood continually oozed out of it, until you died from blood loss. No cobwebs or marigold could heal that wound; the only thing that could was isolation from your problems, to forget everything that had ever happened for a little while. Depression was something I knew very well, the same way I knew my own name and how to hunt mice.

I peered through the thick branches of the nursery and crept inside. Blossomstar didn't stir. I eyed the two black-furred toms, and momentarily felt a bit of compassion for the tiny kits. I pushed it away and shook my head to clear it. "Quit being a fool!" I hissed quietly to myself. "You're being so weak!"

I stepped back out into the clearing and took a deep breath, hoping the fresh air would cause this softness to fade. Molewhisker, who was on guard duty that night, was still asleep. It was too easy to get into the ThunderClan camp when the guards couldn't even stay awake.

I was about to return to the nursery when I heard a snarling voice behind me. "Who dares to trespass..."

I whipped around to find a tom with reddish-brown fur and amber eyes. He yelped in surprise as he recognized me and fear lit his gaze. "Hello, Foxleap," I purred.

Foxleap screamed with pure terror and raced towards the camp entrance. "HELP! We've been invaded by the Dark Forest!"

Great. Now I had no choice but to leave without the kits. Before any groggy warriors could stumble out of their den, I chased after Foxleap. Molewhisker's head snapped upwards as we thundered past him and he stared in bewilderment, not recognizing me.

I was slowly gaining on the tom. "Wait! Foxleap!"

"HELP! PLEASE, ANYONE! I'M NOT READY TO DIE CHERRYSTRIPE IS..."

I leapt at him, slamming into his side with my body weight, and pinned him to the ground. "Don't say a word until I tell you to, or it'll be your last."

Chapter Twelve: Is Death Real?

? POV

Foxleap wisely kept his mouth shut, but I could see in his eyes curiosity mingled with terror.

I glared at him. "Very well. You may speak to me, *quietly*."

"Aren't you dead?" he whispered.

I chuckled. "Perhaps, perhaps not. You see, perhaps death is an illusion...no that's not the right word at all, perhaps it's just a place, not a state of being. Life is one place, death is another, then, and perhaps the two are closer than you would think. Wouldn't it then be possible to cross back and forth between the two?"

Foxleap blinked in confusion. "But...they buried your body and death...I..."

"Or perhaps I didn't die. You'll never know," I said.

"I don't understand. Are you dead or are you not?" he hissed.

I rolled my eyes. "Perhaps, perhaps not. Perhaps death is only real if you want it to be."

I watched in amusement as his eyes narrowed as his tiny brain struggled to comprehend what I had just said. I loved to play with other cats' minds.

Foxleap struggled beneath my grasp, clearly wanting to get away from me. "Perhaps you're what's not real. I'm imagining you...wait, I'm dreaming, aren't I? Yes, that's it. I will wake up soon and you'll still be dead as a..."

"As a kit on a Thunderpath," I purred, interrupting him.

Foxleap looked appalled. "That was not was I was going to say at

all...I was going to say dead as an injured squirrel!"

An image formed in my mind. I saw Foxleap, with the skin torn off his leg to where you could see the bone and blood oozing everywhere. A cat leapt out of the shadows and dragged him away by his scruff. His screams echoed through the forest as he was tortured and I stifled a laugh at the thought. To me, he was the injured squirrel I envisioned in my head.

I looked him right in the eyes. "You won't speak a word of this to any cat, or else you will be as dead as Blossomstar."

"Blossomstar isn't dead," he muttered.

I stepped back and allowed him to rise to his paws. "Not yet."

Blossomfall POV

It had been a half-moon since my kits were born. They had opened their eyes two days ago, and sure enough, they both had the same bright green eyes. Streamheart was kitting at that time, so I had sent the kits to the elders den to hear a story from Dustpelt, Sandstorm, and Purdy.

Foxleap padded up to me while I was nibbling on a thrush, looking a bit spooked. "Hey, we need to talk."

"There's nothing to talk about," I spat.

"It's important! Your life is..."

I rose to my paws and headed towards the nursery, abandoning the fresh-kill. "Stay away from me. Hey, Jayfeather, is Streamheart done kitting now?"

"Yes, you can come in!" Jayfeather yowled from inside the nursery.

Foxleap chased after me and laughed nervously. "The kits look nothing like you at all."

I squeezed through the entrance and curled up in my nest. "Fortunately, they look nothing like you either!"

Foxleap left me alone, thankfully. Just when I was about to doze off, the kits came bouncing through the nursery and woke me with their squeals. The question was, which one was which?

"Mommy, Sandstorm told Nightkit and I a great story!" Okay, so that was Shadekit then.

I purred. "That's very nice, Shadekit, dear."

"Hey!" Nightkit yelped, looking hurt. "I'm Shadekit!"

Oops. Great, my own kits were trying to trick me.

The actual Nightkit laughed. "Haha, we fooled you!"

"Yes, yes, you did. What story did Sandstorm tell you?" I asked, quickly changing the subject.

Shadekit settled down close to me and I wrapped my tail around him. "She told us about the battle with the Dark Forest, and how brave Firestar was!"

"Yes, he was brave. He had the heart of a LionClan cat, and was ten times more of a warrior than any other cat in our Clan," I told him.

"Oh, and Mommy?" Shadekit looked up at me with wide, innocent eyes.

I felt my heart melt. "Yes, dear?"

Shadekit yawned and blinked sleepily. "Who's Bumblestar?"

My head snapped upwards and I felt sick. "What?! Who told you that name?"

"Nobody, Mommy." Shadekit whimpered, fear in his eyes. "We...we eavesdropped on some warriors talking a-and I heard Foxleap saying that even Bumblestar was a better leader than you."

"That arrogant piece of fox-dung better..." I trailed off as I saw how frightened my kits looked.

"But, who's Bumblestar, Mommy? Why does his name make you so angry?" I saw a glint of curiosity in Nightkit's eyes as he spoke up.

I sighed. "He's nobody, dear, nobody important."

A/N: What do you guys think about what ? said to Foxleap? Who do you think ? is now? There's a major clue in this chapter that ? said that should help.

Just don't get in ?'s way or you'll be "dead as a kit on a Thunderpath." XD

Chapter Thirteen: Time to Strike

? POV

A quarter-moon after Foxleap had seen me, I peered through the thorn tunnel, seeing every cat acting normal and unafraid. Fortunately, it seemed that Foxleap had said nothing. I saw him sharing a thrush with Cherrystripe near the nursery. So my presence had yet to be discovered by the rest of ThunderClan. Perfect.

It was time to achieve my ultimate goal. I had been patient, waiting for the perfect opportunity. I believed I had succeeded in luring Blossomstar into a false sense of security. Of course, the key word was false.

I felt the hunger for blood deep in my bones. I imagined the terror shining in her green eyes and the silent scream written in that gaze as she drew in her last breath. The vivid images floated through my mind. I saw shudders passing through her body, her neck coated with blood as it poured out of a massive gash on her throat, and I felt the feeling of my sharp claws tearing open the soft skin. Warriors believed that they were strong and invincible, but in the end, they were as easily disposed of as mice. It was frightening, in a way, to know how fragile the body of a cat is, and that as soon as the light in the eyes was extinguished, all of the hopes and dreams of that individual were gone with one slice of the claws. But I had discovered that a clever mind would be victorious in a skirmish against a stronger opponent every time. One who had strength and wit? Now that would be the truly invincible one, something I strived to be.

They said that any cat who killed for pleasure had gone insane and had no sensibility left. Perhaps this was true, or perhaps insanity was just the method to unlock a cat's true nature inside themselves. Most cats hid it in their hearts, praying for one's death but never acting upon these wishes, or only allowing their good character to

have control of their minds. But I was certain that every cat had two sides, one of evil and one of good. Anger and the desire for revenge were often the cause for unleashing the "bad side", and then shortly after, one realized that every cat owed them something. A cat's ambition whispered in their mind and convinced them that they could be a better leader than the current one. Tyrants were never liked, of course, but they were feared. That helped to crush any acts of disobedience and no cat would dare to question such a leader.

Blossomstar had decided to venture out into the forest and go hunting that morning, because she felt the need to leave the camp and escape the kits. Either that, or she was angry about the nursery's newest resident. She walked right past me out of the camp entrance and I crept after her, placing my paws down softly. I unsheathed my claws and prepared for the kill.

Blossomfall POV

I was furious when Cherrystripe moved into the nursery. My kits were in the elders den, listening to another story, as I stormed out of the bramble thicket. I decided that perhaps hunting would clear my mind, so I headed towards the thorn tunnel.

"Hey, Blossomstar!" Thornclaw hurried over to me. "Where are you going?"

"Hunting, and don't bother me about anything right now, " I snarled loudly, so that every cat in the camp could hear.

I paused for a moment to shoot a glare at Foxleap, and then stomped out into the forest.

From the moment I was outside of the stone hollow, I had that unnerving feeling that I was being watched. I shook my head, certain it was nonsense. I broke into a run and experienced again that exhilarating feeling of the wind ruffling my fur. It was wonderful to stretch my legs; I had despised being confined in the camp. I skidded to a halt, watching the leaves go flying up into the air and then slowly spiral back down. I sniffed the air and looked around, searching for prey. I didn't detect anything so I padded

forward quietly until I spotted a mouse. I dropped into a hunting crouch and slid forward across the leafy ground, cautious not to alert it to my presence. I was about to pounce when I heard a sound behind me, like a twig snapping. The mouse scampered off and I whipped around, but saw nothing but trees and undergrowth. I scanned the perimeter for a shadowy shape, or eyes watching me from behind a tree. Still nothing. I must've snapped the twig myself and just thought someone else had. I needed to stop blaming my lack of practice on imaginary cats and try to focus more.

I saw a leaf moving and wasn't sure if it was just the wind or prey. I tasted the air and detected the scent of a shrew.

Suddenly, something barreled into my side. I tumbled to the ground and gasped for breath. I rolled out of the way just in time to avoid claws which had been aimed at my neck.

By the scent, I could tell it was a tom, and a rogue too. The scent was somewhat familiar, yet I couldn't identify it. I tried to make out my attacker's features, but his claws raked above my eyes. Blood blinded me. This cat was clearly trying to kill me. I anticipated that his next move would be to attempt to sink his teeth into my neck, so I twisted out of the way. I had apparently guessed right, because mere heartbeats later, I felt him bite my shoulder. I gritted my teeth as pain shot up my right forepaw. Claws sliced across my soft stomach and I yowled in agony. I kicked upward with my hindpaws and felt them connect with his stomach. I heard a muted gasp of pain as he staggered backwards a few steps. I scrambled to my paws and raced off in the direction of camp. I pictured him on my tail and tried to run faster, sprinting towards the stone hollow as if the whole of ShadowClan was after me. I was so grateful when the thorn tunnel came into sight. I glanced over my shoulder and slowed to a brisk walk when I realized he hadn't followed me. I breathed a sigh of relief, grateful to still be alive.

The question was, who had he been? It had been a deliberate ambush. What rogue would have reason to attack me? I could partially understand if he had had the scent of one of the other Clans, but he had clearly been a rogue.

"You will not kill me, whoever you are. I will kill you though, if it's

the last thing I do," I vowed.

A/N: Who is it? :D WE WILL NEVER KNOW. THE SUSPENSE...except I already know for a fact who ? is. What did you think about how he attacked Blossomstar? And who do you think it is now that you know it's a he(NEW CLUE ALERT IN BRIGHT NEON LETTERS)

Chapter Fourteen: A Change of Plans

? POV

Blossomstar had been much more cautious since the attack, and had not dared to travel anywhere. So it was time for a change of plans. What was my plan? It was to recruit her own cats to fight against her. I could make a quick appearance in ThunderClan's camp and reveal my identity, but I was unsure of how many cats would follow me that way. I believed most of them would. So I could beat her slowly to death right in the middle of the Clan. Or I could trap her somewhere and wait for her to starve to death. There were so many ways that she could die.

But the best idea was to have Foxleap murder her slowly. What could possibly hurt more than for her to die at the claws of her former mate? Foxleap hadn't spoken a word to any cat about his chat with me, so perhaps I could trust him. The cat I had trusted the most had been killed whilst performing a task on my behalf, and it took me a long time to recover, to realize that although he had been destroyed, it did not have to mean I had been destroyed as well. I was still alive and capable of more plotting, and there certainly had to be other cats who would follow me blindly. Perhaps if there was a reward for him, Foxleap would do what I asked him to do. Foxleap still had some sense of "good" and loyalty in him, but I hoped I could sway him with the promise of power. I could sense the ambition inside of him.

A few rays of sunlight pierced through the trees as I searched for the reddish-brown tom. Thornclaw should've just sent out the morning hunting patrols and the border patrols by that time, so I ventured into ThunderClan territory on a quest to find Foxleap. I spied on the patrol to ShadowClan's border, since it was the closest to my den. I spotted Rosepetal, Molewhisker, and Ivypool. Momentarily, my vision clouded and when it cleared, I saw

different cats. Firestar, Hollyleaf, and Dovewing, all looking straight at me with disapproval in their eyes. I blinked a few times and managed to return to reality. Foxleap wasn't on that patrol, so I had to look elsewhere.

I began heading towards the WindClan border, and on the way there, I encountered the newly-named Ambershade and her siblings Snowpelt and Dewstripe, hunting together. I avoided them, and crept through the shadows. I looked over my shoulder and then promptly bumped into someone. I fell to the ground but scrambled back to my paws to see Foxleap, who dipped his head in greeting.

"Hello, Foxleap," I meowed. "It's good to see you."

Foxleap eyed me warily. "What are you doing here?"

I shrugged. "Oh, I'm just here to take over ThunderClan."

"What?!" Foxleap's eyes bulged. "I mean...oh, okay."

I chuckled. "I need you to do me a favor. Kill Blossomstar."

"You're kidding, I hope," he muttered. "Can't you do that yourself?"

"Wouldn't be half as fun. Besides, it would be entertaining to see the look on her face as you slowly killed her. Before you ask me why you should do it, I'm just going to promise you that if you do it, I will make you my deputy once I'm leader," I replied.

He thought for a moment, and I could see the glint of ambition in his amber gaze. "Okay, I'll do it. Show up at sundown tonight if you plan on watching."

I was surprised at how quickly he agreed, but I didn't let it show on my face, keeping my usual emotionless expression. "Well, I will see you then. Let the fun begin! Oh, and remember to kill her as slowly as possible."

Blossomstar POV

I worried about the mysterious rogue who had attacked me often, and decided not to leave camp again until my kits were

apprenticed. Shadekit and Nightkit loved to play moss-ball, and I sometimes joined in the game to take my mind off of my fears. Also, it did make me happy to see how pleased they were whenever I did things with them. They were the only cats I loved at all anymore.

My kits were asleep in the nursery at the time, exhausted from playing hide-and-seek, moss-ball, and pretending to destroy the "ShadowClan invaders," also known as the elders, all day. I was nibbling half-heartedly at a vole as the sun was setting. Thornclaw was discussing scents of a badger that a hunting patrol had detected near the top border of our territory with me, and I ordered him to warn the warriors not to take apprentices near that area, when a yowl of alarm came behind me. I recognized the voice of Cloudtail, and I turned around to see the white-furred tom staring at the camp entrance, his eyes wide with shock and disbelief. Yelps of surprise came from all around me, and I saw Foxleap approaching me, eyes showing nothing, claws unsheathed. Was he trying to defend me from something?

I looked back the other way, and saw a tabby tom strolling into camp, one I never expected to see again in this lifetime. His eyes were mocking, filled with moons of cruel and sinister plotting, as well as triumph and amusement. He was as muscular as always, still surrounded by the same air of superiority. But once again, his eyes...that cold, calculating gleam in them that I had tried to erase from my memory.

"Hello, Blossom*fall*," he purred. "It seems as if I'm still here after all, doesn't it? Nobody can ever destroy me."

His voice was deep and smooth, sounding completely calm. He didn't seem angry at all; just very, very pleased with himself and slightly amused at the confusion. He sat down and regarded me for a few moments. It took me a couple of heartbeats to recognize...he was waiting. For something. For what?

"You're dead," I hissed, but my voice trembled.

He shook his head and his whiskers twitched. "How funny. This is quite entertaining, isn't it Blossomfall? Should you tell them what you did, or should I?"

"I-I..." I stammered.

He raised a forepaw to silence me. "I will say it then, since you don't have the guts to admit it. You tried to kill me. Your plan failed, though, didn't it? You are not the rightful leader of ThunderClan. You are an ordinary warrior who was denied her nine lives because I live on. You will be slaughtered for treason by a cat you once thought loved you."

I looked around at my Clanmates, who all looked stunned, except for Foxleap, who hovered over my shoulder. "Who?"

Strong forepaws pushed me to the ground. Claws dug into my side and I winced in pain, thrashing about to try to escape his grasp.

"Me," Foxleap snarled.

This wasn't happening. This was just a nightmare. I would wake up soon. But I knew with a dreadful certainty that this was real. He was back.

Bumblestar had returned.

A/N: HIS IDENTITY HAS BEEN REVEALED! The climax is here! Congrats to everyone who correctly identified him! This chapter was so suspenseful for me XD But the suspense isn't over yet! What will happen next?

Please comment your thoughts, I'm excited to hear what you all think! :D

Chapter Fifteen: What Really Happened

Bumblestar POV

Lionblaze padded up to me, looking confused and studying me as if trying to determine if I was really Bumblestar. "It's really you. Why did you leave?"

Flashback

Firestar stood in front of me, his green eyes boring into mine. "All murderers will be punished for their crimes in the end. It's a shame, really. You were once a good cat, filled with all the qualities a leader could ask of you. Loyalty, compassion, courage, strength, determination...you never reached your potential, but you could've been a great warrior, or perhaps one day a great leader through obeying the warrior code. But that was not destiny, that was not the path that the stars chose for you. I feel nothing but pity for you. I'm sorry things couldn't be different."

"Sorry?!" I snarled, neck fur bristling. "You should not feel sorry for me! You should be jealous of me! I have accomplished more in the last two moons then you did in your countless seasons of leadership! I was once a fool, just like you and the rest of your group of starry-eyed mouse-brains! Besides, the stars did not decide my path! I made my own choices and selected my own path for myself! And I have no regrets!"

Firestar pointed with a forepaw to my left, where far in the distance, a shadowy dark line stretched across the horizon, and I could just make out the faint shapes of treetops. "I know deep down in your heart, you regret the decisions you've made. But you're correct. You did make your own choices, and you'll have to suffer the consequences for them. You will be sent to the Dark Forest until you fade to nothing, trapped beneath endless night and trees of shadows for the rest of your life."

I unsheathed my claws and sank them into the grass to avoid using them on Firestar. "It's not over yet. This rogue still has to kill me five times before I'm done!"

"You aren't capable of escaping," Firestar spat. "You don't know how to surrender."

His bright ginger pelt was fading and I could see the rocky landscape behind him. The sound of a stream behind me became fainter and was replaced by the sound of heavy breathing. I became aware of moss beneath my side. I took soft breaths and didn't move a muscle, didn't open an eye.

The rogue prodded my body with a paw, but I laid completely lifeless on the ground. Firestar thought that I couldn't surrender? No cat told me what I could or couldn't do. Besides, he had just told me, probably not intentionally, how I could escape. I heard a grunt and the sound of departing pawsteps. I lifted my head and rose to my paws hesitantly. The den was completely empty.

I knew I wouldn't be safe if I stayed. Blossomfall certainly had recruited more than just that rogue. Perhaps I could give her a taste of her own herbs, so to speak. She was trying to ambush me? Well, I would do the same to her. I would play dead for a few days, and then return to dispose of her. This would be an amusing game, one I would win in the end.

My mind felt clearer than it had in moons. It was nice to have a purpose again.

End of Flashback

I didn't look away from where Foxleap had Blossomfall pinned to the ground. "There were some setbacks to my plan. I was supposed to return much earlier. But now the time is here. I am delighted to see this moment I have so patiently waited for."

Blossomfall twisted about to try to escape, but Foxleap held her with a firm grip. I looked closer and saw him sinking his claws deeper into her skin. I suppose her kits were lucky to be asleep and not witness such an event. I was already thinking about once I

would do as soon as I was back in control of IdiotClan.

"She is a traitor," Cherrystripe growled. "She tried to kill our leader to satisfy her own ambition. Bumblestar is our true leader in the eyes of StarClan, and I and hopefully the rest of ThunderClan will follow the cat appointed by Bramblestar and granted the blessings of nine lives by our warrior ancestors."

For a moment, there was silence. Then, a few cats began a chant of, "Bumblestar! Bumblestar!" which spread like wildfire through the whole camp. It echoed off the cliffs that protected the camp and exited through the thorn barrier into the forest that surrounded it. I lifted my head with pride, warmed by their support.

I heard a voice from outside of camp, sounding confused. "Why in the name of StarClan are they chanting..."

Snowpelt, Dewstripe, and Ambershade, who had been out hunting since when I spotted them at sunrise this morning, had just padded into camp with fresh-kill in their jaws. They dropped their catch in shock when they noticed me.

I nodded briefly to the stunned siblings, and then began making my way towards the Highledge. The crowd clustered around Foxleap and Blossomfall parted to let me through. I strolled leisurely up to her and unsheathed my claws. I raked them across her stomach and she yowled in agony.

I swatted her hard on the head with a forepaw. "Shut up, you stupid she-cat!"

Blossomfall swallowed hard and stared at me with defiance written in her green gaze. "I don't answer to you."

I stabbed her in the left eye with a claw. It immediately snapped shut and a spasm passed through her body as she howled in agony. I kicked dust over her body with my hindlegs and then continued onward. I quickly scaled the Highledge and looked out over the assembled cats.

"It's good to be back," I purred. "I expect that every cat should stay

out of the way and should not interfere with our...um, form of special entertainment. Foxleap, you may begin now. Oh, and it might be a good idea to gouge her eyes out."

ThunderClan must've missed me. The other warriors were too soft-hearted to do anything fun.

A/N: This chapter explains why Bumblestar did not actually die. There's no Blossom POV cuz its really not necessary lol XD Next chapter might be graphic just a warning but hey, this IS PG-13 for a reason! Back-to-back update days, happy Columbus Day(i think that's today? Idk there's too many national holidays in the States to remember XD) Anyhow, please comment! :D

What do you think will happen to Blossomfall?

Chapter Sixteen: Ruined Eyes

Bumblestar POV
I glanced towards the nursery to see Nightkit and Shadekit, roused by the commotion out in the clearing. Sandstorm was blocking their path, forcing them back inside the nursery. She probably didn't want the kits to witness the atrocity that was heartbeats away.

Foxleap nodded to me, and then lifted a forepaw. Blossomfall pleaded with him to let her go and writhed about in desperation. The reddish-brown tom hesitated and I prepared to interfere if he didn't complete the task. But he surprised me, and laughed, slicing downward with his claws and raking them across her side. She yowled with fury and kicked upward with her hindlegs. However, her attempt to knock her former mate away failed.

"Good job! Keep going!" I called.

Foxleap's claws rested on her throat. "Don't you have any last words?"

Blossomfall remained silent, and I watched his claws dig deeper into her throat until she was gasping for breath, struggling to breathe. Nobody said a word, and even the birds in the forest had stopped chirping.

"Just...kill me...please," she choked out.

Foxleap glanced over his shoulder at me briefly before returning his attention to Blossomfall. "Where's the fun in that?"

His forepaw swung downwards towards her face. Claws raked across her left eye, shredding the pupil. Shivers crept down my spine as I heard her screech in agony. I feared that I would imagine I was in her body as I did during Hazelkit's death. I did not want to know what that pain felt like; I only wanted to know that she knew what it felt like. Fortunately, I remained in my own body. However, I still couldn't help but to imagine how it felt in the back of my

mind. I noticed some of the warriors gagging at the sight, but they wisely said nothing.

Foxleap swept his claws across the other eye, receiving another shriek from Blossomfall. I looked closely and saw her claws sinking into the ground, tearing up clumps up grass as her body convulsed. Foxleap stepped back, but she made no attempt to rise to her feet. I strained my ears and heard her faint whimpers after the spasms passed.

Blossomfall POV

My eyes were burning, shooting columns of fire to the back of my skull. I was dimly aware of Foxleap stepping away, but I had no intentions of getting up. I forced my eyes to open so that I could get a view of the situation, causing me to yowl in pain because the agony intensified.

I gritted my teeth and tried to block out the fact that I felt like my eyes were dissolving in acid. I blinked a few times and waited for the darkness to fade. Nothing happened. I lifted my head and turned it from side to side. I still couldn't see anything, nothing but a world as black as night. I gasped in shock and horror. I was blind, completely and utterly blind. I suddenly felt a rush of sympathy for Jayfeather. Was this how he felt every day, how he'd had to live his whole life?

"Stand up," Foxleap sneered. "Fight me."

I rose to my paws, spitting with fury. Foxleap hissed something from directly in front of me. I unsheathed my claws and lunged at the tom with outstretched forepaws. I landed clumsily and tumbled to the ground. Foxleap must've sidestepped...how could I fight without sight?

I imagined how foolish I must've looked, leaping at the air as Foxleap easily moved out of the way. I knew Bumblestar was watching from his perch on the Highledge, whiskers twitching with amusement and his eyes filled with contempt.

I pushed myself awkwardly back onto my paws. I staggered

forward, searching for Foxleap. I stopped and sniffed the air, detecting his scent behind me. I raked my claws across the empty space in front of me, knowing that was what they wanted to see. I then whipped around, leaping forward and colliding with Foxleap. I landed on top of him and scrambled to my paws. I tried to pin him to the ground, but I couldn't find his neck or his shoulders. I sank my teeth into what felt like his leg and clawed feebly at what I thought was his stomach, but seemed to be his tail.

He chuckled, and heaved himself upward, easily sending me flying. I hit the ground hard, and couldn't find the strength to rise to my paws. My eyes still felt as if they were trapped in a blazing fire. I sighed and gave in to the inevitability that I would die that day.

A/N: Hope you enjoyed guys! :D Please comment with your thoughts, thanks for all of your wonderful support!

Chapter Seventeen: The Death Blow

Bumblestar POV

I watched as Foxleap clawed at her stomach multiple times, relishing her screams. I wondered if her kits could hear them, and what they would think when they found their mother's dead body out in the clearing. I wasn't going to do anything to the kits; they still had potential to be true warriors. I could train them properly. Perhaps it was time to add some more dangerous, challenging activities to apprentice training. That way, sniveling weaklings couldn't become warriors any longer.

Foxleap chuckled. "Enjoy the Dark Forest, you useless flea-pelt."

Blossomfall wasn't struggling at all anymore; she must've given in to the realization that she would die right then. She was doomed, a tragic fate that had been determined long ago. Foxleap raised a paw for the death blow. I leapt off the Highledge and raced towards the reddish-brown tom. I barreled into his side and knocked him off of her. He stared at me in confusion as I padded over to Blossomfall's unmoving form and planted a forepaw on her chest.

"What was that for?" he demanded.

"I wanted to have the honor of killing her myself," I purred.

I unsheathed my claws and set them near her throat. I could feel the soft, delicate skin as I sliced them across it. A large gash had been created in her throat, from which blood oozed out, flowing over my claws. I stepped back and watched as spasms passed through her body until it fell still. Her form was completely lifeless, damaged eyes still open and lying in a pool of her own scarlet blood.

I saw Sandstorm talking gently to Nightkit and Shadekit at the entrance to the nursery, blocking their view. "You don't want to

come outside right now. Why don't you go to sleep and then you can go out for as long as you want?"

One of them-I couldn't tell which one-sighed. "Oh, well, okay, I guess...Sandstorm, look behind you!"

Startled, the elderly ginger she-cat spun around. The kits giggled as they scampered past her, tripping over their own paws and tumbling out into the clearing. They scrambled to their paws and tackled each other, rolling across the camp until they were stopped when they bumped into something furry.

"Shadekit, what was that?" Nightkit demanded, spitting grass out of his mouth.

Then, the young kit looked at what they had collided with. Nightkit yowled with horror. "Mama!"

He poked her body with a forepaw and, whimpering, began covering her face with desperate licks.

Shadekit stared at his mother's dead body, not fully understanding. "Mama? Wake up. Mama, please, wake up!"

I felt no sympathy whatsoever. Those kits should've been happy that I'd disposed of their mother. I remembered how giddy I had been when I murdered my own mother. There was a sense of freedom and relief when her lifeless form laid at my paws. I had felt light as a feather that day, as if I could fly.

I dipped my head to Foxleap before returning to my spot on top of the Highledge. There was no need to summon the Clan. "It is good to be back, ThunderClan. As we have all noticed, the old deputy is dead. It is time to appoint a new one."

Shadekit had buried his face in his mother's fur, wailing in misery and grief. Foxleap had pushed his way to the front of the crowd, his eyes shining with ambition and his gaze fixed on me expectantly.

"I say these words before StarClan, that they may hear and approve of my choice. Foxleap will be the new deputy of ThunderClan."

The reddish-brown tom seemed very proud of himself. Cherrystripe was the first to call out his name, followed by a hesitant Molewhisker. The rest of the Clan quickly joined in.

I dismissed the meeting and leapt back to the ground, heading over to the kits. "Get away from her. We're going to get rid of her body."

Neither kit moved or looked at me, but Nightkit shuddered. "How did she die?"

"That's not important," I snapped. "I said to get away from her now and go to the nursery where you belong!"

Nightkit glanced at me. "Wait, who are you?"

I chuckled. "I'm ThunderClan's true leader, the one who vanished many moons ago. You can call me Bumblestar."

The kits blinked in surprise, and I called Foxleap over. "They're not being very obedient, so could you make sure they get to the nursery for me? Don't hurt them, yet."

Foxleap nodded and picked the kits up by the scruff, carrying them into the nursery.

A/N: Blossomfall is officially dead now! Just so you know, the kits are about two moons old at this stage in the story. Comment with your thoughts, this book is not finished! But, after it is finished, there will be a third book! I will tell everyone more details about that at the end of the next chapter, the third book will be Blossomfall's kits!

Chapter Eighteen: Ambush

TWO MOONS AFTER BLOSSOMFALL'S DEATH

Bumblestar POV

I always found it amusing when I remembered the other leader's reactions at the Gathering when I showed up just after Blossomfall had been killed.

"If ThunderClan doesn't show up soon, we will have to start without them," Mistystar muttered.

Rowanstar glared at her. "I don't feel like waiting for those fox-hearts. START NOW!"

I hurried over to the Great Oak. "I wouldn't do that if I were you."

All heads turned towards me as I leapt up to the branch of the Great Oak where the other leaders were waiting. Yowls came from the crowd, and chattering broke out across the clearing. Some were displaying looks of disbelief, some seemed frightened, and others seemed confused or stunned.

Onestar stared in shock, and I was eyeing the silver around his muzzle. That old fool should've withered away in the elders den by that time. He looked so frail and powerless. I looked at him scornfully, then glanced at Rowanstar.

The ShadowClan leader's eyes were wide, and he unsheathed his claws. "WHAT KIND OF TRICK IS THIS? BLOSSOMSTAR, IF YOU THINK THIS SCARES ME, THINK AGAIN YOU DECEIVING..."

I chuckled. "Blossomfall has been, um, disposed of."

"Bumblestar?" Mistystar whispered. "How...but you're dead!"

I glowered at her. "I WILL NEVER DIE!"

Rowanstar looked skeptical. "I'm not falling for it. Find a rogue who looks like Bumblestar and make him reek of ThunderClan. There you go, you have Bumblestar reincarnated! Typical ThunderClan plotting."

I narrowed my eyes, and leaned closer to him so I could speak softly enough that the crowd and the other leaders would not hear. "I took care of Blackstar. Do you think I'm not capable of putting you out of your misery as well?"

Rowanstar's eyes smoldered. "YOU killed Blackstar?! You mangy, miserable fleabag...and you think you'll be able to kill me too! My Clan will never..."

"They'll never know, or suspect me," I purred. "Isn't that wonderful?"

I had decided to "dispose of" the ShadowClan leader, or at least give him a warning to so that he would know not to underestimate me. A warning would be fine; I was pretty sure he would know it was me if a few of his warriors disappeared. I wandered through the forest, noting that the leaves were now various colors of red, brown, and yellow rather than the vibrant green they were during greenleaf. I approached the ShadowClan border without hesitation. I stared at the Greenleaf Twolegplace and recalled the battle that had been fought for the useless land. That was a good battle, one in which the only important thing either side received was dead bodies of their fallen warriors. I wanted to fight another battle like that, or witness one. Perhaps for apprentice training, I was thinking that I should make two apprentices have to fight to the death, and the one that survived would become a warrior. It was something to consider, certainly.

I had a patrol of eleven cats with me; Rosepetal, Ambershade, Lilyshade, Seedflower, Foxleap, Toadstep, Spiderleg, Cloudtail, Ivypool, Molewhisker, and Lionblaze. I padded across the border without a hint of hesitancy. The ground was covered with pine needles. I tried to focus on that, considering that thinking about anything else would make me uncomfortable because I would realize how dark it was underneath these strange trees. The sooner we accomplished this mission, the better.

I relied on my memory from the few visits I had made to

ShadowClan territory to find my way to the training hollow. I found Ratscar, practicing battle moves with his apprentice, a tom with thick, dark gray fur. I gestured with my tail for my cats to surround the area, so that there would be no way for them to escape. We inched forward.

Ratscar was explaining a move to the apprentice. "Okay, so you push off of the tree and leap right at your opponent. Make sure your forepaws are tucked underneath you body so that the impact is as...Graypaw! Are you listening to me at all?"

Graypaw had noticed the ThunderClan cats and had turned to look behind him to see if they were surrounded. "Great StarClan, what..."

Ratscar had just realized why his apprentice had stopped listening. "What are you doing here?"

I padded up to Ratscar on his left and Foxleap flanked him on the other side. "Come with us to our camp. It's urgent. I wouldn't suggest that you should even try to resist."

"What's going on, Ratscar?" Graypaw whined. "Does this happen all the time?"

Ratscar tried to hide his fear and confusion. "Don't worry, Graypaw, it'll be fine. Go with the ThunderClan cats. Let's see what they want."

"Fine? It depends on how you define 'fine' I suppose." I began leading the pair of ShadowClan cats towards our territory.

A/N: What do you think Bumblestar is planning to do with them? Hope you enjoyed, thanks for your support, you guys are the best! :D

Chapter Nineteen: A Challenge

Bumblestar POV

The fallen leaves that coated the forest floor would soon be a good comparison to Graypaw and Ratscar soon...at least one of them.

The apprentice's brain must have been stuffed with thistledown, because he seemed to have difficulty navigating through the undergrowth. I was tempted to force them to climb a tree and then leap from branch to branch all the way to the hollow, just for the amusement. It would be entertaining to watch that mouse-brain fall out of a tree. By the time we neared the stone hollow, the brambles had left cuts all over his body.

"Ratscar, my shoulder hurts," Graypaw whined.

"Ratscar, my shoulder hurts too," Foxleap mimicked the apprentice in a high-pitched voice.

I rolled my eyes and led the way up the slope leading to the stone hollow. Snowpelt, who was guarding the camp, nodded to us as we emerged from the thorn tunnel. I scampered over to the Highledge and watched the Clan form a circle around the prisoners, who stood at the center of the camp.

"Why are we here, Bumblestar?" Ratscar demanded.

I chuckled. "You will find out. My patrol captured these two pathetic ShadowClan cats and I commend them for their excellent work. This should be entertaining. Ratscar, to answer your question, you're here to kill your apprentice."

Ratscar's expression was priceless. "WHAT?!"

"You will fight Graypaw to the death, and whoever wins the battle gets to live and return to ShadowClan."

I knew that if Ratscar killed Graypaw and then went back to

ShadowClan, he would likely be banned from the Clan if he told Rowanstar, "Hey I killed Graypaw! Isn't that nice?"

Ratscar's eyes gleamed with defiance. "And what if we refuse?"

"If you refuse, we slowly kill you both," I said cheerfully. "Isn't that exciting?"

"Why do you want us to fight each other?" Graypaw whimpered.

"Because he's the most evil cat by the lake," Ratscar growled.

I narrowed my eyes. "Because you both deserve to die."

Ratscar glared at me. "StarClan cannot approve of this!"

"I don't care if *StarClan* approves of this," I sneered.

Ratscar's eyes went wide with shock, and some gasps came from my own Clan. I muttered something about Ratscar and Graypaw needing to start fighting now or die.

Ratscar sighed. "Just kill me, Graypaw. You need to live."

I had no intentions of letting either of them go, of course. But there was no need to tell Ratscar that. What he didn't know didn't hurt him. Kind of. Well, that saying wasn't really true at the moment. When you're dead, I suppose that counts as "hurt."

"No, Ratscar, I can't kill you!" Graypaw wailed.

Ratscar looked frustrated, but then his eyes lit up and he turned his gaze towards me. "Wait. Bumblestar. Why don't you fight me? Just you and me. Me and Graypaw both die if I lose. If I win, you die and we are allowed to return to ShadowClan."

I laughed. "What fun is that? No, this way is much more entertaining."

"Are you scared?" Ratscar taunted me.

I heard murmurs from my Clan and realized that if backed down

from this challenge, they would view me as weak and a coward. Ratscar seemed to know that; he was aware there was no way I could back down now.

I leapt down from the Highledge and padded leisurely over to him. "Very well. It will be as you said. But with one added condition."

"Which is?"

I unsheathed my claws. "If and when you lose, which you undoubtedly will, the apprentice is fed deathberries."

"Very well." Ratscar unsheathed his claws and glowered at me. "Enough words. I find that claws speak louder."

I chuckled. "As do I."

A/N: I apologize for the long wait, I was planning to update earlier this week because last week I was busy with an English project but I got sick this week and didn't feel up to writing. I still am sick but I felt bad for not updating so I made sure that I wrote this and got it published :) Probably only about 7 or 8 chapters left of this book, then we get Book 3! Thanks for reading please comment your thoughts! Who do you think will win?

Chapter Twenty: Fighting Ratscar

Bumblestar POV

Ratscar's dark brown pelt was laced with old battle scars, the most notable a long one down his back. He was bound to be a fighter, having been trained by the Dark Forest. I knew this would not be an easy battle. His amber eyes were brimming with fury. He bared his yellowed teeth at me as I charged towards him. I surprised him by skidding to a halt as he sidestepped, instead of leaping at him as he had expected me to, and rearing up onto my hindlegs. I swiped downwards at him, but he ducked, and with a nimble forepaw swept my hindlegs out from underneath me.

I hit the ground and Ratscar immediately took to the opportunity to pin me to the ground. I saw the pale pink light reflected off the stone walls as sunset came, noted the crowd of onlookers watching the battle unfold, and glimpsed Foxleap snarling at Graypaw. Claws pressed against my throat and then dug in deeper, causing me to gasp for breath as I struggled to inhale any oxygen.

"LET THE APPRENTICE LEAVE THIS CAMP NOW, OR YOUR LEADER DIES!" Ratscar roared.

I had a feeling that threat did not necessarily encourage ThunderClan to release the apprentice. Killing me would perhaps be a favor for ThunderClan. Foxleap, however, hurriedly ushered Graypaw to the camp entrance. Graypaw, bewildered, stumbled off into the woods. Perhaps a badger would eat the mouse-brained fool. That would be interesting.

I screamed in agony as Ratscar began clawing at my stomach. White-hot flames spread quickly through my whole body and I kicked upwards with my hindlegs, to no use.

"You said...y-you woul-wouldn't kill m-me if G-graypaw left," I

gasped.

Ratscar looked down at me with contempt in his eyes. "I did not. I said you would die if he didn't leave the camp. I didn't say you wouldn't if he did."

His paw raised upwards. I tensed and flinched as it came downwards towards my neck. I could already feel the pain sear across my neck before his claws touched skin. I could see the light of victory in his eyes, the gloating in his posture. I would not die in cowardice and fear. I would not give him the satisfaction. I allowed a spark of defiance to enter my eyes. "Go ahead," I sneered as he hesitated. "What are you waiting for? Do it, I dare you, you lying cheating Dark Forest warrior! One of their recruits, they taught you well, didn't they now?"

His eyes narrowed. "I am no Dark Forest cat. I am a loyal ShadowClan warrior who was wrongly kidnapped. You are the Dark Forest cat!"

I chuckled bitterly. "Is that supposed to be an insult?" I spat. "TRAI-TOR!"

Hissing with fury, he brought his paw down for the death blow. I was laughing insanely, and I heard a cat from my own Clan whisper, "Do it!"

Not a single cat moved to help me. My death was a heartbeat away, but I didn't care at all. Time seemed to slow down. I leaned my head back and braced myself for the pain, surrendering to fate.

Or perhaps not.

I rolled out of the way as his claws struck the empty space where I had been a heartbeat before. I scrambled to my feet and blindly slashed my claws through the air, connecting with the right side of his face, as I sensed him lunging at me. We stared at each other for a few moments, neither one moving.

"I will never forget this!" the dark brown tom snarled.

Then, Ratscar turned and raced out of the camp, vanishing into the

forest. I watched him flee and muttered, "Coward."

Shadekit stumbled over to me. "Bumblestar, why would you want them to kill each other?"

"Because they needed to die," I hissed.

"But that's against the warrior code!" Shadekit whined.

Nightkit padded over, rolling his eyes at his brother. "Shadekit, ShadowClan are our enemies. Their pain is our gain."

I nodded in approval to Nightkit. "There's a smart one there. One who understands the way things really work!" I turned to Shadekit. "You should be more like your brother. You're a disappointment, really. You take after your mother too much. She was a bad influence."

Shadekit unsheathed his claws. "Don't talk about my mother like that!"

I sliced my claws across his nose and he yelped in pain. "Don't talk to your leader like that then. It's quite disrespectful."

A/N: Everyone's like "Bumblestar is gonna win!" and "Ratscar + Graypaw = Dead" and since I hate being predictable, I did not do that :P there will always be those plot twists, won't there? :D

Chapter Twenty-One: A Disappointment

Bumblestar POV

Blossomfall's kits were five moons old.

Shadekit did not respect me or fear me. The insubordinate little flea-brain defied me at every opportunity possible. He must have inherited his mother's qualities. Shame, really.

Nightkit, however, held the values of a true warrior. He was a mindless thing, which was how I liked my cats to be. He walked around camp reciting the sayings that I had taught the kits, fully believing them.

Nightkit paraded around proudly past the warriors den with his brother following behind him. "Harm to your enemy is cause for celebration! Fear is stronger than love! Words mean nothing if there is no strength to back them up! Defend yourself, then others! Always obey your leader!"

I watched him from where I sat in a shady patch of grass and chuckled slightly. I was very pleased with this behavior from the young kit, seeing the potential of gaining the invaluable asset of a loyal, obedient, no-questions-asked warrior. I took a small bite of a thrush and pondered making Nightkit an apprentice early. Foxleap said something about activity on the WindClan border and I nodded, pretending to be listening to him.

"Bumblestar is still stuffing your brain with that nonsense, huh?" Shadekit hissed.

Nightkit whipped around, eyes glowing with fury. "It's NOT nonsense!"

Shadekit narrowed his eyes at his brother. "Our mother would be

ashamed of you!"

"I don't CARE what my mother would think! SHE'S DEAD SHADEKIT!" Nightkit snarled.

"Yes, and your integrity apparently died with her," Shadekit spat, stomping off to the nursery.

I rose to my paws and followed him. Foxleap stopped mid-sentence and hissed in irritation. "Bumblestar, I'm in the middle of giving you my report and you just get up and leave?"

"This is more important!" I snapped.

I hurried across the camp and crouched by the entrance to the nursery. I heard voices inside, the soft, urgent voices of Fawnkit and Shadekit.

Fawnkit and Redkit were Streamheart's kits, nearly old enough to be apprenticed, only a few days shy of reaching the age of six moons. Redkit was characterized by her fiery temper and her lack of empathy. She was obedient, however, and I respected a slight bit of personality I suppose. She was much better than her sister, Fawnkit, who was too weak for my taste, and certainly much too compassionate. ThunderClan was not meant to raise "kind" cats; ThunderClan was designed to create vicious but loyal warriors, capable of ruling over the other Clans around the lake.

"Shadekit," Fawnkit whispered. "We're not safe here. Bumblestar will kill anyone who disagrees with him. We must leave as soon as possible."

Shadekit sighed from inside the bramble thicket. "Our days are numbered if we stay here. But the question is, where is there to go? Surely not to WindClan? From what the warriors say, WindClan hates ThunderClan."

"Our only hope is to flee to ShadowClan," Fawnkit replied. "Let's leave tonight, once every cat is asleep. We can sneak out through the dirtplace."

I heard pawsteps behind me and turned around to see an annoyed

Foxleap approaching. "What could possibly be so important as to interrupt my report, Bumblestar?"

"Shadekit might conveniently, um, disappear soon," I snarled to my deputy.

Foxleap said nothing, just stared wordlessly into the distance. I took that as a sign of agreement and stormed off. Shadekit was officially hopeless. Now, it was time to test Nightkit's loyalty. And if Nightkit wished to survive to see tomorrow morning, then failing was not an option.

A/N: Welcome to Day 1 of Update Week! I will see you guys tomorrow with Chapter 22! :D

Chapter Twenty-Two: The Mission

Bumblestar POV

At least he wasn't very hard to find, with the screaming, snarling, and death threats echoing across the stone hollow.

In other words, I found Nightkit arguing with Redkit behind the warriors den. Redkit's voice was raised to a shrill screech while Nightkit's was a deep, angry growl. I was uncertain as to what they were fighting over, but Nightkit's emerald green eyes were smoldering with fury.

"...should kill you for your questionable actions and your parentage..." Redkit was saying.

"No!" Nightkit spat, unsheathing his claws. "I am more loyal to Bumblestar than you are, KITTYPET!"

Redkit must've insulted him. She probably had questioned his loyalty to me, something Nightkit seemed to take very personally.

Redkit smirked. "My parents were rogues, not filthy kittypets. And at least my mother wasn't Blossomfall."

Nightkit's neck fur bristled. "Blossomfall is DEAD! She can rot in the Dark Forest for all I care."

Nightkit leapt at Redkit with forepaws outstretched. I would've loved to watch the skirmish, but unfortunately, I had to intervene. I couldn't have my two most promising kits tear each other apart. Especially not when I had a very important mission for one of them.

I stepped in between them. "Save your claws for the ShadowClan scum."

Nightkit immediately dropped into a respectful, submissive posture.

"Yes, sir, we're sorry."

"Will you fight for me?" I looked him right in the eye.

He met my gaze steadily. "Of course, Bumblestar."

I nodded in approval, pleased with his lack of hesitation. "Very well, then. I have a small task for you, Nightkit. Redkit, you are dismissed."

Redkit rolled her eyes and padded off towards the fresh-kill pile. "You're gonna have to call me Redpaw soon, Nightkit."

Nightkit let out an angry hiss and I shot Redkit a warning look. Redkit glanced away sheepishly, then nodded quickly and scampered off.

"Nightkit, Fawnkit and Shadekit are traitors," I told the kit.

Nightkit chuckled. "I know Shadekit is. He's a soft-hearted, cowardly fool. He's not a strong, brave warrior like you are."

I narrowed my eyes. "Fawnkit and Shadekit are planning to run off to ShadowClan. ThunderClan has no place for those who are not loyal to me. They must be punished. I can handle Shadekit. I have...plans for him. But I'd like you to help me properly deal with Fawnkit."

Nightkit's eyes widened eagerly. "How can I help you? I would be honored, Bumblestar! Thank you! I will prove myself to you, I promise. I am a loyal warrior of ThunderClan! I am nothing like my mother! She is dead to me, I wi..."

"I believe you, Nightkit," I whispered. "I'm trusting you. I am putting a lot of faith in you."

"What is..."

"Your mission is to pretend to be Shadekit and tell her you're leaving for ShadowClan now. If she doesn't go with you, although I doubt that'll happen, do nothing. But if she agrees..."

"If she agrees then what, Bumblestar?"

"Cats like her must be disposed of. Take her out into the forest and when there's no cat in sight, kill her."

A/N: Update Week Day 2! :D Enjoy! Do you think Nightkit will agree to Bumblestar's plan? And what does Bumblestar have planned for Shadekit >:) Sorry if there's any mistakes it's unedited as of right now I will edit first thing in the morning.

Chapter Twenty-Three: Round Two

A/N: THERE WILL BE BONUS CHAPTERS AT THE END OF THE BOOK AFTER IT'S FINISHED! Also, this has been announced already but for those of you who don't know, after the completion of this story there will be the final third book, called Nightpaw's Identity. That will be the last book as this was always meant to be a trilogy(unless I get sentimental and change my mind). Anyhow on with the story! This chapter is leading up to the EPIC CLIMAX MAJOR BATTLE THAT GOES ON FOR LIKE FIVE CHAPTERS XD

Ratscar POV

Rowanstar was apoplectic when he learned that Bumblestar had attempted to kidnap and murder us. Graypaw didn't really understand what had happened, the magnitude of it all; he was quite oblivious to many things. But he was young and innocent. That is why I swore to protect him from the malevolent Bumblestar, who was clearly under of influence of the Dark Forest.

I knew how lucky I was to have escaped with my life, even more fortunate that my apprentice was alive and safe in the ShadowClan camp as well. I had a feeling Graypaw and I were not the first cats Bumblestar had attempted to kill. I suspected Bumblestar might have murdered Dawnpelt, who had disappeared moons ago with her scent trail veering down to the lakeshore near the ThunderClan border and abruptly vanishing at the water's edge. The moment I thought of the idea, the sinking feeling in my stomach confirmed that it was true. Did he have a patrol of warriors to help him like the patrol that captured Graypaw and I? Did he drown her? Had he just killed her with a swipe of his claws across her throat? Nobody would ever know, and unless her corpse was found, there was no real evidence to support it, nothing more than mere speculation.

Rowanstar was forming the battle patrols, listing my name among

those about to head to the ThunderClan camp for a bit of retribution. I recalled the last time ShadowClan had sent battle patrols to ThunderClan and hoped this time would be different. I had been among those selected to stay behind and guard the camp last time, and was stunned when Blackstar's patrol returned dragging the unconscious, bruised and battered bodies of the other group.

Apparently, a tree branch on the Sky Oak had snapped and fallen upon his backup patrol, which was waiting for his signal to attack. The impact knocked the warriors unconscious. When the backup patrol didn't arrive, ShadowClan was forced to flee the stone hollow, and found them lying unconscious on the ground at the base of the ancient tree.

Rowanstar padded over to the tunnel leading out of the camp and waited for his patrol to assemble behind him. This time, there would be no trickery, just a contest of brute force. A ripple of excitement passed through ranks as the patrol started off into the forest of shadowy pines. I could feel the cool air ruffling my fur and the pine needles beneath my paws as I sprinted down the path, following Rowanstar as he raced onward. This was my home, where I belonged. I would defend it with my life if necessary. I was willing to fulfill the expectations of a true warrior. I would save the Clans from that tyrant, take him down in the battle.

We dashed across the border and stumbled across a ThunderClan hunting patrol shortly past it. The frog-brains blinked in confusion as we charged past them, dealing a few well-aimed blows as we breezed past but mainly ignoring them. I hurried past the Sky Oak, remembering the previous incident, and then skidded to a halt at the thorn tunnel.

Rowanstar turned to face us and spoke in a hushed whisper. "Take out the guards before they can warn anybody and then storm the leaders den. Bumblestar is your main target. Take out any cats who stands in your way or tries to stop you. At my signal, we attack."

"What about Foxleap?" Snowbird asked.

"Don't worry about him. All that's important is that Bumblestar is

dead by moonhigh tonight!" Rowanstar hissed. "He must suffer for what he has done to our Clan!"

I unsheathed my claws and chuckled at the thought of revenge.

"ShadowClan, charge!"

Bumblestar vs. Ratscar, Round Two.

Chapter Twenty-Four: The Battle Begins

Bumblestar POV

I sat in my den with a half-eaten mouse at my paws, wondering if Nightkit would actually follow through with my orders. Nightkit said Shadekit and Fawnkit were still talking, so he'd have to wait for Shadekit to leave.

I heard yowls of alarm from out in the clearing and raced to my den entrance to be met by Crowfrost, followed by Smokefoot and Applefur. There was a war raging in the stone hollow, but in my brief glimpse, I realized that the ShadowClan cats were trying to force their way to the Highledge. They had come to kill me!

Snarling furiously, I retreated into the far corner of my den as Crowfrost swiped at my face. I was trapped in there; against three cats, I stood no chance. I pressed my hindlegs against the wall and used it to leap at Smokefoot. Smokefoot hissed in surprise as my momentum brought him to the ground. I scrambled to my feet and hurried out of the den, leaping to the ground and landing awkwardly.

A sharp pain shot up my spine. I twisted my head to see Scorchfur with his teeth latched onto my tail. I kicked out with my hindlegs, and when that failed to get him to release his grip, I rolled to the ground, feeling the pain as a few chunks of fur were ripped off my body.

I climbed back to my feet, adrenaline rushing through my veins, swept up in the excitement of the battle. I surveyed my opponent. His powerful muscles rippled beneath his dark gray pelt, a long cut down the right side of his face still dripping with fresh blood. His dark amber eyes glowed with fury as he charged at me. Before I had the chance to move, he tackled me and pinned me to the ground.

I thrashed about, trying to throw him off. His claws raked across my stomach, creating a large wound in the soft skin. I screeched in agony, but the sound was lost in the furious snarls and yowling. I summoned my strength and heaved myself upwards, sending Scorchfur tumbling to the ground. We both scrambled back to our feet again, panting heavily. He sprinted towards me again.

Scorchfur's eyes, though, were focused not on me, but on something behind me. I whipped around to see Tawnypelt, who had been trying to sneak up behind me me. Our eyes locked and hers narrowed to slits. I heard a hiss from my right side and rolled left to the ground just on time to avoid Scorchfur's blow, which had probably been aimed at my neck. Tawnypelt was there, hovering over me, ready to finish me. I had no time to move.

A red blur came out of nowhere and intercepted her, bringing her to the ground. I saw Foxleap, his thick fur streaked with blood, amber eyes wild. I leapt to my paws and looked around for Scorchfur. Molewhisker had distracted him by sinking his teeth into Scorchfur's right hindleg. Scorchfur thrashed about and hopped around like a fool, but Molewhisker wouldn't release his grip.

An irritated Scorchfur spat insults at the ThunderClan warrior. "Frog-brained, cowardly, weak, mangy, flea-bitten, kittypet, rogue..."

"Why do you keep talking to yourself, Scorchfur?" I sneered. "Oh, by the way, the words kittypet and rogue are contradictions of each other."

A shadowy figure raced up behind Molewhisker as I was watching. Without hesitation, the cat sliced his claws across Molewhisker's throat. Molewhisker fell to the ground, convulsed a few times, then lay lifeless on the scarlet grass, eyes still open. His eyes clouded and the light slowly faded out of them. They seemed to be focused on something distant, something a life's journey away.

Rowanstar stood over him, claws dripping with blood. The ShadowClan leader's breathing was ragged and uneven.

I chuckled. "I thought you followed the warrior code. What

an...interesting surprise!"

Rowanstar glared at me through eyes that were narrowed to slits. "We will show no mercy to your Clan of rogues and outlaws. You're apparently not the only one who can play games, Bumble*stripe*. If you don't want to die and have your Clan destroyed, you will do as I tell you to. Listen carefully or el..."

Foxleap, having dealt with Tawnypelt, came from the right and tackled Rowanstar. Rowanstar hissed with frustration.

I feigned a look of innocence. "I'm listening."

I surveyed the camp, allowing my gaze to sweep around the camp. Nightkit(I could tell it was him because he was approaching me out of his own free will) charged through the chaos and stopped at my feet, eyes wide with fear. "Bumblestar! I'm sorry! Shadekit and Fawnkit are escaping now! Do you want me to go after them?"

A/N: Part 1 of the major climax battle! What will happen to Shadekit? And how will the battle turn out? Did you guys enjoy the first part of the battle? Yay for major action scenes XD

Sorry, my parents grounding me ruined update week, and then I had to work on a major project for biology. In other words, life hates me XD Thanks for your patience and for sticking with me, I promise I update like twice a day during summer. Stupid school lol.

WNI release date changed to March 3. That totally has absolutely nothing to do with the next episode of Agents of SHIELD coming out that day. Maybe.

Chapter Twenty-Five: Reinforcements

Bumblestar POV

I turned towards the camp entrance to see two tiny shapes vanishing through the camp entrance, the bushy black pelt of Shadekit and the light brown pelt of Fawnkit.

I glanced to my left to see Rowanstar writhing on the ground as Foxleap clawed relentlessly at his stomach. "Foxleap! Seems like little Shadekit is running away here with his precious Fawnkit! Go after them...and dispose of them."

Foxleap released Rowanstar after a final blow and nodded to me. Rowanstar ignored the deputy as he dashed off, his eyes solely focused on me. "So you resort to murdering your own kits now, Bumblestar?"

I chuckled. "Well, no, I suppose you won't be the first kit I've killed."

Rowanstar's eyes flashed with fury and he lunged at me. I easily sidestepped and whispered, "Missed!"

Rowanstar whipped around and sliced his claws across my nose. Pain flared through my nostrils, but I ignored it. "No more kit-moves, Rowanstar. Why don't you start fighting with, well, you're not smart enough to fight like a warrior, perhaps at least at apprentice level but..."

I trailed off as I rolled out of the way of another charge. Rowanstar's frenzied swipes cut through empty air. He hissed in frustration and glared at me.

I leisurely strolled towards him. "My turn!"

I stopped when I was a few whiskers away and did my best to look

bored. I ducked as Rowanstar slashed at my throat and rammed my head into his chest. He staggered backwards and tripped over his own paws as I plowed into him. I planted a forepaw on his chest and pinned him to the ground. I clawed at the wounds on his belly and chuckled as he screeched in agony.

"You'll never win!" Rowanstar spat.

I looked around and spotted Snowbird fleeing out of the thorn tunnel, pursued, coincidentally, by Snowpelt. ThunderClan was steadily pushing intruders back, and ShadowClan seemed to be tiring. "I think we already have."

"Good always defeats evil in the end," Rowanstar hissed.

"I wouldn't be too sure about that." I raised my forepaw to prepare for the death blow. "Let's finish this, shall we?"

Someone crashed into me right as my claws grazed the ShadowClan leader's neck. I scrambled hastily to my paws, as did Rowanstar, and glanced over my shoulder. I fully expected Rowanstar's savior to be a ShadowClan cat.

Who I saw shocked me.

I saw a tortoiseshell with emerald green eyes glaring at me. Blossomfall! What in StarClan's name...no, her image was blurry, as if I was looking at her underwater. I thought I was over the hallucinations, but apparently not. Now was not a good time to have a relapse though. I shook my head and blinked a few times, but Blossomfall remained. I squinted at her and watched as she dissolved, her fur melting into a sleek bluish-gray pelt. Her green eyes were replaced by a frosty blue gaze that reminded me of shards of ice.

"You've got to be kidding me," I mumbled when I realized who it was.

Rowanstar's eyes lit up with triumph as more cats flooded in through the camp entrance. He turned and nodded respectfully to the blue-gray she-cat. "Mistystar."

"Rowanstar. I got your message," Mistystar said.

"Thank you for coming. As soon as we take care of Bumblestar, we will leave. ThunderClan isn't the problem." Rowanstar looked back at me and narrowed his eyes.

Mistystar sighed. "Power has corrupted Bumblestar, and he must be disposed of."

With the arrival of the RiverClan reinforcements, ThunderClan had begun to lose the battle. We were well outnumbered, but I would rather die than surrender. Besides, at this point, I was pretty certain that surrender would result in my death anyways.

Rowanstar inclined his head slightly, and the two leaders charged at me. I arched my back and snarled in defiance. I would fight to my last breath. Taking on two strong, well-trained Clan leaders who both had multiple lives? No big deal. I could do it. I was Bumblestar, the leader of ThunderClan, and nobody would defeat me.

A/N: RiverClan is here to help! OMG this book is almost over :O Prepare for a shocking ending!

I love reading your comments, they make me smile. I laugh cuz half of them use the words die or kill. And that's why everyone gets reported for using kill XD

Chapter Twenty-Six: Run

Shadekit POV

I raced out of the thorn tunnel, allowing the screeches of battle to fade away. Fawnkit ran alongside me, struggling to keep up. I would normally slow down to accommodate her slower speed, but that was not an option at the moment. I glanced over my shoulder, half-expecting Bumblestar to have noticed and come after me. There was nothing around us, nothing but the massive oaks on our sides.

I wouldn't admit it to Fawnkit but I had no idea where I was going. I was just following the scent trail of Dewstripe, hoping that it would lead to the ShadowClan border, or any border, for that matter. Perhaps WindClan might be safer, considering that ShadowClan was attacking the ThunderClan camp at the moment.

I was sprinting through the forest at full speed, which was probably not the best idea since I was not used to navigating through the forest. I suddenly tripped over a root and tumbled down a slope. I was brought to a halt when I smacked into a tree. I lay on the ground, dazed. Fawnkit chased after me. She helped me to my paws and I whispered, "Thank you."

I found myself at the mouth of an opening to a small tunnel. It looked like it would be perfect to hide in. What luck! It stank like the dirtplace, but it would do. Fawnkit's eyes lit up when she spotted the tunnel and together, we walked inside.

A large, shadowy shape sat inside the den, hunched over a piece of prey. It looked up and locked eyes with us. In the dim lighting, I could make out a bright red, bushy coat with white markings on its chest. It had a long, pointed snout, and when it bared its teeth at us, I noticed sharp, massive fangs. I had never seen a creature like this before, but had heard the elders' stories.

I turned to Fawnkit. "That must be a..."

"Fox!" we said in unison.

We scurried out of the entrance to the den. The fox barked excitedly and followed in pursuit. I tried to speed up, but the fox was gaining on us. Fawnkit was falling behind as well. I gritted my teeth, knowing I couldn't leave her to die, and turned to face the fox.

"Shadekit, what are you doing?" Fawnkit shrieked.

I unsheathed my claws and summoned my courage. "Fawnkit, just run, please! Don't look back!"

"I won't leave you!" she wailed.

"There's no time! Just go!" I stared at the fox, knowing my life was about to end.

A red blur came out of nowhere and intercepted the fox. It was Foxleap, the ThunderClan deputy! Bumblestar must've sent him to kill us! But why had he stopped the fox? The fox could've done his job for him!

I should've fled, but somehow, I was paralyzed, rooted to the spot. Fawnkit scampered over to me and nudged me to try to snap me out of it, but I stood frozen and watched the ThunderClan deputy battle the fox.

The fox shook Foxleap off. Foxleap tumbled to the ground, but quickly scrambled back to his feet. He darted in and dealt a blow to the fox's side, then retreated out of range of its teeth. He hurried in again and managed to swipe his claws across the fox's throat before it could attack. The fox collapsed to the ground, convulsing a few times before falling still.

Foxleap stared at its lifeless body for a moment, then looked at me. He gave me a small nod and began to walk away from us, back in the direction we had come from, the direction of the ThunderClan camp.

Why had he saved us? I was speechless for a few heartbeats, then found my voice.

"Wait!" I yelled.

Foxleap stopped and turned around. "Yes?"

"W-why did you save us?" I stammered. "You w...I mean, I thought you were loyal to Bumblestar!"

"I am loyal to Bumblestar," Foxleap murmured.

I blinked in confusion. "Then why didn't you let it kill us? Why would you help us?"

Foxleap hesitated briefly, then sighed. "Because I'm your father."

I nearly choked. Foxleap, the ThunderClan deputy, Bumblestar's servant, who hated Blossomfall, was my father?! Plus, he was already the father of Cherrystripe's kits! This must have been a joke, or a really weird dream.

"By the way, you'll find the ShadowClan border if you follow the trail to your right." With that, Foxleap vanished into the distance.

A/N: I bet nobody saw that coming! Who would've thought Foxleap would help the good guys! Hope you enjoyed as always, and thanks for all of the votes and comments I've been receiving! You guys are the best!

Chapter Twenty-Seven: An Unexpected Ally

Bumblestar POV

The two leaders were charging towards me. The RiverClan leader's gaze was as cold as ice, while Rowanstar's green eyes were blazing with fury. I felt nauseous as I prepared to defend myself. Mistystar arrived first, but doubled back. I realized too late that she had been a mere distraction.

I staggered backwards as Rowanstar's teeth aimed for my neck. They found my ear instead. I screeched in agony and lowered my head, sinking my teeth into his forepaw. Rowanstar released my ear and yanked his paw free, leaving behind a few tufts of fur. As I swiped my claws towards his face, pain seared up my side. While I was focusing on Rowanstar, Mistystar had darted forward and joined the attack.

Sensing that Mistystar was behind me, I kicked out with my hindlegs. I heard a yelp and turned to see that I had kicked her right in the eye. In the brief heartbeat that I was looking at the RiverClan leader, Rowanstar charged at me. I barely rolled out of the way on time.

I took a deep breath and tried to think. I needed to deal with Rowanstar first, and to do it quickly. He was already wounded from our previous skirmish, so he would hopefully be the easiest target. I knew I could defeat Mistystar if she was my only opponent.

And if I couldn't eliminate Rowanstar quickly? Then...this was going to be a short and one-sided affair.

But at any rate, how could ThunderClan possibly win this battle? Even if Rowanstar *was* gone, that wouldn't mean his Clan would stop fighting. One Clan fighting against two...deep down, we all knew how this would end. There was only one possible outcome.

But I refused to admit defeat, not as long as I was still alive. Although, I realized, that might not be much longer.

I leapt desperately at Rowanstar, only to be pulled off of him by Mistystar. I flailed about, and was thrown to the ground. I gasped for breath as Rowanstar planted a forepaw on my chest, and raised a paw for the death blow. "Game's over, Bumblestar. This is for Blackstar."

"C-coward," I choked out. "You...couldn't fight m-me by yourself, c-could you?"

I stared at the camp entrance, watching my own warriors flee out through the thorn tunnel. I saw Thornclaw, golden-brown fur matted with blood, staggering towards the tunnel and collapsing near it. ShadowClan and RiverClan were the clear victors today, and for us, all hope seemed to be lost. Then, I felt my heart sink even further as a new wave of cats flooded into camp, led by Ashfoot. They smelt of rabbits and heather.

WindClan. Just what we needed. One Clan against three. Perhaps it was unwise to make so many enemies?

I decided I would be defiant, even in my final moments. "Well, th-this...is a...t-totally fair fight."

To my surprise, Rowanstar's grip loosened slightly and he glanced at Mistystar, looking confused. "You invited WindClan?"

Mistystar shook her head. "No, I didn't."

I studied their expressions carefully. They hadn't known WindClan would show up? Perhaps Onestar had just overheard some of their plans and decided to join the fun. Why else would a large patrol of WindClan warriors arrive at the stone hollow? Had they coincidentally planned an attack of their own on the same day?

Rowanstar narrowed his eyes. "Then who..."

I heaved myself upward, taking advantage of the distraction. I saw a shadow next to me on the ground and glanced over to see Ashfoot standing at my right. I tensed my muscles and sighed in frustration,

seeing that I would be forced to fight not just two, but three strong opponents. At least her arrival had saved my life. I waited for Ashfoot to attack me. But she simply gave me a small nod. "WindClan is here to assist you."

I was not one who liked to show my emotions, but my eyes widened, betraying my astonishment. I surveyed my surroundings. Harespring dragged Hollowflight away from Spiderleg, allowing the ThunderClan warrior to concentrate on Smokefoot. Emberfoot knocked Starlingwing off of Leafpool. Sedgewhisker raced across the hollow to help Lionblaze battle Duskfur and Mossyfoot. Ivypool and Gorsetail were fighting side by side, steadily pushing Icewing and Olivenose back.

"Ashfoot!" Rowanstar spat. "Why in StarClan's name would WindClan be helping this tyrant?!"

The dark gray she-cat glared at him. "Ashfoot's not my name."

What did she mean? Certainly that was Ashfoot! There was no other cat around the lake that it could be!

However, I chose to say nothing, and instead leapt at Rowanstar, catching him off guard. I tackled him to the ground, and began clawing yet again at the wounds on his stomach. He howled in agony, and I sensed Mistystar rush over to help him. I looked over my shoulder just in time to see Ashfoot, or whoever she was, intercept her.

WindClan's arrival might have made the battle even. But it was far from over.

A/N: Why did this cat say her name wasn't Ashfoot, even though Bumblestar and the other two leaders thought it was? Who is she really? Why did she say that? What do you guys think? The answer is probably gonna be revealed next chapter :D

Also, how do you think the battle will end? Will WindClan(or maybe it's not WindClan?)'s help be enough to save Bumblestar? Will Bumblestar live? And where is Ratscar?

Thanks for reading, as always, I hope you enjoyed! I will try to update again this weekend and have this book finished b y March 3 .

Chapter Twenty-Eight: Everyone Runs Away

Bumblestar POV

Rowanstar thrashed about beneath my grasp. "You're a sorry excuse for a cat, Bumblestar. You're a disgrace to every warrior that has ever experienced this life."

"And you're too weak, Rowanstar," I hissed. "In the end, the strongest *always* end up on top."

Rowanstar continued to struggle. "That's wrong."

"I'm sorry?"

Rowanstar made a futile attempt to try to throw me off. "I said, 'That's wrong.' It's not the strongest who end up on top. It's the bravest."

"Well, you, my dear, are neither of those things. You're neither strong nor brave." I chuckled evilly and without hesitation, performed the death blow on Rowanstar. "HELLO, SHADOWCLAN! Have you even noticed that your leader is dead?"

The cats that heard, from all the Clans, froze in surprise and turned to face me. The news was quickly relayed to the ones that hadn't, and the battle came to an abrupt halt. Mistystar stepped away from where she had my mysterious ally who looked like Ashfoot pinned and glared at me. My ally rose slowly to her paws, blood dripping from scratches on her left side, and stared emotionlessly at Rowanstar's lifeless form.

I traced a claw across the ShadowClan leader's neck, watching another thin line of blood appear. "Now. ShadowClan and RiverClan both leave now, or Rowanstar...uh, goes away. For good."

"You're a traitorous fleabag, Bumblestar. You're a menace to this forest!" Mistystar snarled.

I yawned. "So you're leaving?"

I was suddenly knocked away from Rowanstar's body by a familiar tom who reeked of ShadowClan. "Not today, you mangy fox-heart!" Ratscar sneered.

The fighting resumed around the clearing. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Mistystar and the cat who looked like Ashfoot locked into a vicious battle. The pair rolled across the hollow, exchanging blows and hissing at each other.

"It's you again!" I exclaimed with false cheerfulness. "It's good to see you again! How are you doing?"

I winced as Ratscar swiped his claws across my nose. I ducked under his next attack and lunged for his neck. He leapt straight up into the air and I yelped as I was flattened beneath him.

I rolled onto my back and kicked upwards with my hindlegs, pushing him off of me. We both scrambled to our feet and faced each other. My legs ached and my ear throbbed where Rowanstar had torn it. I was exhausted, and wanted nothing other than to curl up in my nest to sleep for the rest of the day.

Yes, I loved wars and bloodshed, but I preferred battles that I controlled the outcome of and the slaughter of helpless victims. I liked to be the hunter, not the prey. I didn't so much enjoy the sight of blood as the light of terror in their eyes as they realized their death was imminent. It made me feel invincible, and the rush of adrenaline was soothing. The feeling of power, true power, was incomparable. Also, it was a reminder, of how it had all started. I would recall, if only for a few heartbeats, a different set of eyes. Gorgeous green eyes that shone with horror as I shoved her into a thorn bush. I think she saw something that day. A glimpse of what was to come.

What would she have said if she had known? She would've been disappointed with me. Some days, *I* was disappointed with me.

I shook my head to clear it. How had I managed to think of Dovewing again even in the midst of this war? It had been so many moons that I should most certainly not still care about that pathetic, dishonest traitor! She should have been long forgotten by now!

I wore a mask of cruelty and hatred, yes, and I used a facade of anger and indifference to veil my emotions. But inside, I was just bitter, and above all else, lonely. There was an emptiness inside, a gap in my heart that couldn't be filled. It could only be ignored.

But I was done hiding it. I embraced the insanity, allowed it to twist my view. Ratscar melted into Tigerheart, his eyes transitioning to a brighter shade of amber, his pelt darkening. I unleashed my rage. There was no need to restrain myself now.

I screeched with fury as I launched myself at him. I slashed my claws towards his throat, and he barely sidestepped in time. I barreled into his side, and clawed at his stomach repeatedly. I relished his screams and focused on him, as he was writhing in agony. A red haze clouded my vision as the pure anger possessed me.

He heaved himself upward desperately, which sent me flying, and staggered weakly towards the camp entrance. He hurriedly limped out of the thorn tunnel, shouting, "Rowanstar is safe now! ShadowClan, retreat!"

Rowanstar is safe? What did...those sneaky little snake-hearted cowards! Ratscar had been a distraction! While I had been occupied shredding the dark brown warrior, some ShadowClan cats had carried Rowanstar's body away to safety. Apparently, Ratscar had been clever enough to realize that I would not have spared Rowanstar, regardless of what ShadowClan and/or RiverClan did or did not do.

The ShadowClan cats fled from the stone hollow, and the RiverClan cats followed closely behind them. I breathed a sigh of satisfaction as I noted their pelts were all stained with blood.

"Run, Ratscar, run! You always run, you coward! *Everyone* runs away!" I spat, watching Mistystar glance hesitantly over her

shoulder. I then realized the implication of my words, and added wearily, "Until you realize you can never run far enough."

A/N: What did you guys think? :D I hope you guys enjoyed this!

Bumble may be a total lunatic, but he was right about running away. I think we all try to run away from things we don't want to deal with, but eventually they catch up to us anyways. Anyhow, I'm getting too philosophical here. I love you guys, you're the best! I love every single one of you!

Epilogue

Book 3 is up! I hope you will check it out!

Bumblestar POV

Jayfeather began searching all of the cats for wounds, and Leafpool and Cinderheart were helping. The most severely injured were taken to his den, while the rest of the cats had to wait out in the clearing to be patched up.

Ashfoot, or whoever she was, stood beside me as I scanned the hollow. Molewhisker's corpse had been dragged to the center of the camp. His mother, Poppyfrost, and his sister, Cherrystripe, were already sitting vigil for the fallen warrior. Thornclaw's unconscious body had been moved to Jayfeather's den for treatment. I wondered if the golden-brown tom would make it.

I turned to the gray she-cat after a few moments of silence. "Thank you. It pains me to admit this, but ThunderClan owes WindClan a great debt. I must ask though...you told Rowanstar you aren't Ashfoot. You are Ashfoot though, aren't you?"

"My name is Ashstar now. Onestar died two nights ago, and I received my nine lives from StarClan yesterday," the WindClan leader replied. "And I know you will ask why I chose to help you. It was because I am wiser than Onestar, and I realize that your Clan is a powerful ally to have. I wish for us to be friends, Bumblestar. WindClan has forever been perceived as the weakest Clan. I intend to change that."

I nodded slightly. "I will ally with you, Ashstar. Our Clans should unite against the other two, and together, perhaps one day we will rule over them."

Ashstar chuckled. "That is something I expected you to say, Bumblestar. It is not my goal to rule the other Clans...they are unruly, and therefore cannot be ruled. It is simply my mission to

weaken them and gain some territory for my Clan."

"That is not a completely terrible idea," I purred. "Well, I will be glad to treat any of your cats who are wounded, but then I assume you will be returning to your camp?"

Ashstar nodded. "Of course."

Foxleap emerged through the thorn tunnel and walked over to me. "We won? Wait, why is Ashfoot here?"

Hm...he smelled odd. Was that the scent of fox? I dismissed the thought, knowing it was probably something I had imagined.

"Yes, we won. WindClan came and helped us. And her name is Ashstar," I responded. "What happened to the kits?"

Foxleap, looking extremely nervous, took a deep breath. "I'm sorry."

"WHAT HAPPENED?!" I screeched. "YOU LET THEM LEAVE?!"

Foxleap's eyes met mine. "No, of course I didn't! I almost had them, but then out of nowhere, I was attacked by a fox! By the time I killed the fox, they were gone! I tried to track them, but their scent covered up by the stench of that stupid beast!"

So that *was* fox scent on him. Great.

"Those stupid little runts might've escaped this time. But I will hunt them down, and one day, Shadekit *will* be DEAD!" I snarled.

A/N: Kudos to anyone who caught the Avengers reference in the chapter XD

So that's the end of book 2! Thank you so much for all of your support! I really hope you guys enjoyed it, I will be uploading the prologue of book 3, Warriors: Nightpaw's Identity(WNI), right now, and I hope you guys will check it out! I will be updating this book still with bonus chapters to answer some unanswered questions. If you guys have any questions about stuff, you can ask me to make a bonus scene about it :)

High school has kept me very busy, but I'm really sorry for the wait

between some updates. Since it's been awhile since I finished WBI, some of you might've forgotten some stuff so I'm just gonna summarize some stuff as a quick reminder :) This is just the major details.

WBI

Bumblestripe realizes Dovewing loves Tigerheart, and he begins to turn into an Ashfur. The inciting incident is most likely where he hallucinates and sees Icecloud as Tigerheart during a hunting patrol. He kills Icecloud accidentally, but then frames Dovewing. Dovewing is banished from ThunderClan and Bumblestripe wounds her in a battle. Dovewing dies the next day of the wounds.

After getting away with the first murder, Bumblestripe decides to try to dispose of all the cats he doesn't like. He kills Squirrelflight while they are talking and frames ShadowClan. Bramblestar appoints Birchfall as the new deputy and leads a battle patrol to the ShadowClan camp to get revenge. Bumblestripe kills Tigerheart accidentally, and then is nearly killed by Dawnpelt as she tries to avenge her brother's death.

Bumblestripe recovers from his wounds and tricks Millie into eating a thrush that is stuffed with deathberries because he is bitter because she only cares about Briarlight. ThunderClan assumes it was not a murder, but a natural death. Blossomfall reveals that she knows everything about Bumblestripe's murders, and that she knows Bramblestar will make him deputy if Birchfall died. Blossomfall accidentally on purpose pushes Birchfall out of a tree. StarClan desperately gives Jayfeather a warning about the duo, but Jayfeather misunderstands the warning.

After becoming deputy, Bumblestripe invites ShadowClan to the camp to murder Bramblestar. ShadowClan succesfully kills Bramblestar and Bumblestripe becomes leader. He makes Mousewhisker his deputy instead of Blossomfall because he fears she will kill him if she is deputy. During his naming ceremony, Bumblestar is forced to experience his victim's pain, which only makes him "more proud of his achievements."

Bumblestar returns to camp and kicks Daisy out of the Clan, claiming it's because she is useless(which she is). Berrynose is

outraged and attacks Bumblestar, causing Bumblestar to kill him. Bumblestar then finds out that Hazeltail is going to meet with Daisy, and forces her to return to being a kit. Daisy is captured later, and Bumblestar orders Hazeltail to kill her. Hazeltail instead helps Daisy escape and is killed by Mousewhisker(under Bumblestar's orders) instead. Bumblestar also drowns Dawnpelt when he is near the ShadowClan border.

Mousewhisker dies trying to kill Brackenfur for Bumblestar, and Bumblestar murders Brackenfur. Weary and ready to give up on life, Bumblestar appoints Blossomfall as deputy. Blossomfall uses Night to kill him(Or so she thought he was killed...)

WBR

There's really two plots in this story. The first is the one that is mainly about Blossomfall vs this mystery cat. Blossomfall doesn't get her nine lives at the start, but pretends she did. Bumblestar is watching her and waiting for an opportunity to strike, since he fears that the Clan will side with her if he reappears and tries to kill her. He also is trying to mess around with ShadowClan, just for fun cuz he doesn't like them. He frames Blossomfall of stealing ShadowClan's catmint. Blackstar attacks ThunderClan's camp and then Bumblestar sabotages Blackstar's backup patrol.

Foxleap and Blossomfall become mates and soon Blossomfall is expecting Foxleap's kits. Her heart is broken when she learns that he was only using her to make Cherrystripe jealous. She gives birth to two identical kits, Nightkit and Shadekit.

Bumblestar tries to kill her while she is outside of camp one day. Blossomfall escapes, but Bumblestar shows up at the camp shortly after and kills her in front of everyone with Foxleap's help, and resumes his leadership role.

The other plot starts after that, which is the Bumblestar versus ShadowClan one. I'm just gonna hope you remember that one XD